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THE

MISSIONARY REVIEW.

[of the World]

Ad Desperandum, Christo sub Duce.

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JUL 1887
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THE
MISSIONARY REVIEW.

Nil Desperandum, Christo sub Duce.

VOL. X. JULY, 1887. NO. 7.

I. JAMES HANNINGTON.*

BY REV. A. W. HALSEY.

James Hannington was born on the third of September, 1847, at the little village of Hurst in the South of England. He came from a good stock, his great grandmother belonging to the old Saxon family of De Meopham, "the best known to posterity of whom was Simon De Meopham, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, whose tomb may be seen in Canterbury Cathedral." James was all boy. At the age of seven he was discovered on the mast of his father's yacht, "suspended on some projection by the seat of his trousers." Before he was in his teens he had his thumb blown off, while trying to make some gunpowder squibs. There was no nook or corner in his father's grounds that he had not found out, no tree that was too tall for his daring spirit to climb, no bird's nest that escaped his ever observant eye, no beetle, or bug, or insect, of any description that he did not eagerly seize to add to his collection of specimens, which increased more rapidly than his years. He was a born naturalist, and to his dying day he never lost his love for gathering specimens of plants, mosses, flowers, bird's eggs, butterflies and aught else that he found so lavishly scattered about him in the great world of nature which he loved so well. When

**James Hannington, D.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.* A History of his Life and Work, 1847-1885. By E. C. Dawson, M.A., Oxon., Incumbent of St. Thomas' Church, Edinburgh. pp. 471. First American from the sixth London Edition. With portrait and illustrations. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. $2.00.

only eleven years of age, he took a trip with his elder brother, in their father's yacht, and was so pleased with his sailing experience, that he resolved to go to sea; but happily this resolution was never carried into effect. At school he was called "Mad Jim," and he gave his teachers no end of trouble by the pranks he played on them and on the scholars, and it is said that in one day he received no less than nine distinct canings; but for all this the teachers liked him, for his transparent truthfulness, his affectionate nature, his grit and go. In him they saw materials for a fine manhood, and he did not disappoint their expectation. At the age of fifteen he left school and was put into his father's counting room at Brighton. But he liked business about as well as a fish likes the dry land. He was plainly out of his element behind the desk. His only relief was the frequent trips which he was allowed to make to the prominent cities of the old world. The year he entered business, he took a trip to Paris, and his delight at the wonders of this gay city was unbounded. He likened his visit to the time, when as a ltttle boy, he caught a big fish, and then pinched himself to see whether he was awake or not; so many attractions presented themselves to him in this city, that he was not sure whether he was awake or dreaming. His sense of humor was very keen. He wrote his mother, that he was glad that the Archbishop was dead, since it gave him an opportunity of seing him lie in state, and he assured his mother that he would bring home to her "six snails with rich plum pudding stuffing in them." This sense of humor never left him, and in the most trying times of his life, it served to drive "dull care away," and to cheer him in hours of despondency. Once when he and a friend had lost their way in an English bog, and were in no little danger of their lives, he took out his tooth brush, and quietly cleaned his teeth; this act convulsed his friend with laughter, and did not a little to keep up their courage until they found their way out. In the heart of Africa, lying in his hammock, sick unto death, he would draw comic sketches of himself being tumbled into the water, or the mud, through the ignorance or carelessness of the porters; these sketches he sent home to amuse his children, and entertain his friends. His humor was irresistible and unfailing. The last entry in his diary, written in an African hut, surrounded by rude drunken savages, well illustrates this: "Last night I heard a hyena howling near me, smelling a sick man, but I hope he is not

to have me yet." There is a grim humor about these words which throws a flood of light on the character of James Hannington. He spent six years in business, but he never relished a business life, and it was only through a desire to please his parents that he consented to remain so long. He was a dutiful son, and he never speaks of his mother without emotion. "She was the sweetest, dearest, gentlest of mothers." He left business when about twenty-one years of age, and decided to go to college, and study for orders. At this time he was not converted, although a great change had come over his life.

Years before this, his father had built a chapel on his grounds, and services had been regularly held in the chapel, conducted by ministers outside of the pale of the English Church, Mr. Hannington being an Independent in religion. In the year 1867, Mr. Hannington changed his views, and the chapel was turned over to the Church of England, and regularly licensed for public worship, by the Bishop of Winchester. The result of this change was most important to young Hannington. He was brought into contact with many Churchmen, and soon he formed the desire to enter the ministry of the Church of England. He spoke to his mother on the subject and as she offered no objections, he decided to carry out his purpose, although as he himself says, "As for real motives I had none, or next to none. I was a mere formalist, and nothing more." But his diary shows that he was thinking deeply on the subject, and that the change had not been made without much prayer and anxious thought. At this time he was peculiarly blessed in forming the acquaintance of a most godly man, Dean Burgon, Fellow of Oriel, who seems to have exerted a most beneficent influence on the mind and heart of young Hannington.

He entered Oxford in his twenty-first year. Once more the boy comes to the surface. To any one who has experienced the delights of college days, this period in the life of James Hannington will be full of interest. Space will not permit me to dwell upon it. He had all the elements of a popular college man. Everybody liked him. He was tall, well proportioned, could pull a good oar in the boat, knew how to lead men, had a merry twinkle in his eye, a good-natured smile on his face, and a laugh that was so loud and hearty that it could be heard across the "Quad." He did not love study, unless it happened to be in the line of his pursuits, and then

he entered into it, with all his might. He was a leader in all college matters, was in the last town and gown row, was fond of setting off fireworks in the college grounds, and was continually devising escapades in which he always took the lead, and bore the blame. He was always manly, always frank, and he won the hearts of his fellows, and the respect of his instructors. His inattention to study necessitated his employing a tutor and in his second year he was sent to the wild coast of Devonshire, to be tutored by the Rector of the little parish of Martinhoe. This wildest spot in England was congenial to his tastes. He climbed the most inaccessible peaks, he explored the deepest caves, he built a road up the side of the cliff despite the fact that the oldest inhabitant said that it was impossible, he searched in the highest crags for bird's eggs, he made excursions to places that had never been trodden before by the foot of man. Little did he or his friends realize that God was here training him for the great work of his life. In the course of time he was back again to his work at college. His mother died, during his college days, an event which produced a profound impression upon him. He seems to have been a changed man after her death, more thoughtful, more solemn. At the age of 25 he took his B.A. degree. His first attempt to pass his examination for orders in the Church was a failure. The Bishop said to him: "I am sorry to say that your paper on the Prayer-Book is insufficient." Hannington was disappointed, but he was not the man to give up when he had once undertaken anything. His second attempt though better than the first was not a complete success; he had to wait two years before he was admitted to full orders. After his ordination he took a small country charge in Devonshire, a place most congenial to his nature. Some time before this a college friend had sent him a letter, ostensibly to return a pair of skates, but in reality to bring the subject of personal religion before the mind of Hannington. It was to this letter, according to his own statement, that he owed his conversion. Over a year passed before he was led into the light, but the seed was then planted which afterwards brought forth such a bountiful harvest. The rough work of a Devonshire parish was just what a man of Hannington's tastes desired. He rode from place to place on the back of his faithful little pony, and the people found in him a warm friend and faithful laborer. The great event of his work here was his own conversion. Let us tell it in his own

words. "I was in bed at the time reading. I sprang out of bed and leaped about the room rejoicing and praising God that Jesus died for me. From that day to this (these words were penned not long before his death), I have lived under the shadow of His wings in the assurance of faith that I am His and He is mine." Some time after this he attempted to preach in his father's church at Hurst. He never got beyond the text of the sermon. He gave the text out, and was unable to go on, but he had the good sense to announce a hymn, and dismiss the congregation. Two weeks later, he preached again, and this time with great acceptance to the people. Not long after this his father proposed that he should return home and take charge of the church. He deliberated long on the matter, for now he would take no step without first seeking divine guidance. A line found among his papers after his death tells how carefully he considered the subject, "Dear Lord, mercifully reveal thy will to me. Be thou ever my Guardian and Guide." In such a spirit he accepted the call as coming from God, and he entered upon his work with the usual vim and ardor that characterized all his movements. His pastorate was eminently successful. What was said by one of his parishioners at Darley, was applicable to his ministry at Hurst, "We all like Mr. Hannington very much, he just comes into your house and sticks his hands into his pockets, and talks to you like a man." He was not always dignified; to use his own words, "I found it a great burden going about in black clothes and top hat," but what he lacked in dignity, he more than made up in devotion to the cause of his Master. His energy was boundless. In every good cause he was foremost, aiding all worthy reforms with his voice and pen. He did good work for the cause of temperance, once preaching a sermon on the words "Take a little wine for thy stomach sake," showing that his brother had a greater claim on him than his stomach. For seven years he walked in and out among this people, doing the work of a true minister of Jesus Christ, but God had other work for him. In the year 1875 he had a conversation with two ladies, one of them the sister of the Bishop of Madras, on the subject of Missions. This conversation led him to study more thoroughly the whole subject of Missions, of which at this time he knew very little. From this time frequent entries in his diary show that the subject was often in his mind. In 1878 he was much affected by the cruel murder of

Lieutenant Smith, and Mr. O'Neil, two faithful servants of Christ, who did heroic work on the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza. A sermon preached by the Bishop of Rochester, "touching on all points of the Mission question," had no small effect in bringing him to a decision on this great subject. He talked with some of his brethren in the ministry who were also thinking on the subject, and to one of them he said that he desired to offer himself as a missionary to the Church Missionary Society, but he did not think it possible that they would accept him, he was so unworthy of the honor. Hannington, though a modest man, knew his own qualifications. He saw that he had certain elements in his moral and physical make-up, that eminently fitted him for the mission work. He was a born leader of men, he loved adventure, he could stand any amount of hardship, and when one and another of the heroic laborers on the field fell in the midst of the battle, he longed to fill the gap made by their death. After much thought, and much prayer, he at last decided to offer himself for the African field. His friends opposed him, they pointed to the good work already done at home, the demand which his own church had upon him, the claims of his wife and little children; he listened to all these objections courteously and prayerfully, but he felt the call was from the Lord, and nothing could alter his purpose. His offer to go to Lake Victoria Nyanza, was accepted by the C. M. Society, and he was put in charge of a party of six, to reinforce the noble band of workers already in that field.

There was great lamentation when he left his dear people at Hurst. A single passage from his diary gives an insight into the character of his work: "I was about to jump into my brother's carriage. The publican's son (I was always thought to be the publican's enemy) crept up and thrust a letter into my hand, a pretty book-marker, and a text, and a letter written by his mother. The roughest of the rough men, who I thought would have a holiday to rejoice at my departure, left work and crowded around to express their sorrow as best they could." After Hannington had decided to go to Africa, he wrote a letter to the *London Times* asking for subscriptions to enable him to carry with him a new boat in which to navigate the Victoria Nyanza, the boat formerly used for this purpose having been wrecked. The appeal received a hearty response, and Hannington took out with him the boat, which is now doing

good service on the Lake. He himself subscribed $125 for the boat, and in addition he contributed $250.00 toward his own outfit and paid $125.00 a year toward his salary—he had the genuine missionary spirit. On the way to Zanzibar, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of the Swahili language, which is the tongue spoken by the natives on the coast, and "is widely known in the interior through intercourse with the traders." He made such progress in the language that soon after his arrival at Zanzibar he was able to conduct morning prayers in Swahili. The party left England on the 17th of May, 1882; by the 27th of June they were ready to start from Zanzibar for the Lake. The same dash and push that sent him scrambling over the rocks of Devonshire after bird's eggs, served him now that he was about to lead a caravan of men through the wilds of Africa. He was much vexed at the slow way which the natives had of doing work. One morning he engaged a man to come the next morning at six o'clock and sew a package in a canvas bag. At the appointed hour Hannington is ready, but the man does not come, and he goes after him. In the course of an hour he arrives. He sits down and measures the package with his eye, then after some time he measures it with a tape, then he sits again and chews betel nut with great activity, then breakfast, and a journey after his needle, and the package gets sewed about 3 p. m. Through all such delays Hannington never lost his patience, but kept doggedly at the men till all was ready for the start.

Hannington was accompanied by a Mr. Stokes, who had had much experience in dealing with the natives, and was of invaluable assistance to the party. A glance at the map will show the route the party took. They went by what is known as the "old route." Starting from Zanzibar, they cross the channel, row thirty miles, to Saadani, thence via Mamboia, Uyui, and Msalala, and from thence by boat across the Victoria Nyanza to Rubaga. This was the plan but as we shall see, Hannington did not get beyond the lower end of the Lake. The journey was full of interest to Hannington. It was just such a trip as his soul delighted in, and nothing escaped his observing eye and quick ear. At Ndumi, their first camping place, he gained his first experience of an African well. In a letter to his children he writes, "I had seen green tea, but never before green coffee. I soon grew tired of grumbling because the men

would bathe in our drinking water, but I did not like to find there dead toads and other animal and vegetable putrefaction." But a Missionary must not be fastidious, and Hannington soon learned to laugh at such little mishaps as a fire in the tall grass, or a tumble in the river, or poor soup for dinner. Before they reached the first Missionary station at Mamboia, most of the party had touches of the dread African fever; Hannington himself having several attacks, which increased in severity, so that at their second stopping place, Mpwapwa, another station of the Church Missionary Society, he writes, "Fever is trying, but it does not take away the joy of the Lord, and keeps one low—IN THE RIGHT PLACE" . . . He was indefatigable in collecting specimens of all kinds, often making long journeys to secure some rare plant or moss; in the course of his short missionary life he sent many valuable plants and insects to the British Museum. After leaving Mpwapwa, the fever set in with such intensity that Hannington had to be carried in a hammock, but even in the "midst of his intense suffering" he never failed to see the bright side of life. The curiosity of the natives, who would crowd around the tent where he lay, was unbounded. "Are those your feet, Whiteman?" they would say, pointing to his boots. "No, gentlemen, they are not," he would reply, and then take off the boot, to the astonishment of the natives, who now wanted to know if his foot was blue, and if he had any toes. They would examine his watch, pull his hair to see whether it would come out, and annoy him in a hundred ways, but he never complained, and only lamented that they showed so little interest in the Gospel message. Hannington struggled manfully against the fever, walking whenever it was possible, and giving the other members of the party as little trouble as his enfeebled condition would permit; but by the time they reached Uyui, he was completely prostrated, and a severe attack of dysentery so weakened him that his life was despaired of, and the rest of the party after deliberate consultation resolved to go forward without him. This was a sad blow to him. The kind friends of the Mission at Uyui did all in their power for the sick man, yet none of them expected him to live. It was here that the faith of this man of God shone forth so clearly, day by day; in that far away land, with disappointed hopes, he would sing

"I am coming to the cross,
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find."

Even in his illness he was not idle. At this time he drew up a book of information for Missionaries "who should leave home for Africa, and for the Committee." The party who had gone forward under the leadership of Stokes, was compelled, owing to the large "Hongo," or tribute demanded by the native chiefs, to return to Uyui. Hannington's courage revived again when he heard the voices of his friends, and he said, "I shall live and not die." After some difference of opinion among the party, it was determined to allow Hannington to accompany them to the Lake. Nothing but clear grit ever carried him through that long and trying journey between Uyui and Msalala. He struggled on in the face of difficulties that would have overcome a man of less pluck and courage. At last the entire party arrived at the lower end of lake Victoria Nyanza, which at the point where they saw it, a little to the west of Kagei, looked like "a duck pond, or a sluggish English river." The band of Missionaries had considerably decreased since they left Zanzibar. Two of the number had been left at Uyui. Mr. Stokes now returns to the coast, taking a number of the porters with him; Hannington was far from well, while Mr. Gordon was too ill to be of any service. It was here that the genius and piety of Hannington so signally displayed itself. The rainy season had commenced, and the party at once began to erect huts for their temporary shelter, while they waited for the brethren from Rubaga to send canoes in which to take them to the upper part of the Lake. The times were trying. All the party were taken with the fever at one time. The news from the other caravan that had charge of the boat, and was expected to bring extra supplies, was very discouraging. Two of the missionaries had to be sent back to look after the boat. Another was very ill, supplies began to fail, and the money,—cloth —to purchase food, was also getting scarce; the natives were ugly and troublesome, and the genius of Hannington was put to the severest test. But it stood the trial. He never faltered. He cared for his sick friend, he improved every opportunity to teach the truth to his own men and to the natives all about him, he dealt with the people kindly but firmly, and in every emergency he showed himself the man. A single incident will illustrate how quick he was to do the right thing at the proper moment. One day after recovering from an attack of fever, he took a stroll with his gun bearer. He was in search of specimens, when he saw an

animal moving through the dense "mimosa scrub"; he fired and killed the beast which proved to be a lion's cub. As soon as his gun bearer saw it was a lion's cub, he cried "Run, bwana, run!!" and no wonder, for bounding over the scrub with huge leaps came the parents of the dead cub, with glaring eyes and all ready to avenge the death of their offspring. Hannington turned and calmly waited their approach. On they come till within a few yards when they suddenly halt, and for a time there is a mutual admiration society; then Hannington slowly places one foot behind the other, until he has put one hundred yards between himself and the lions, when they quietly walk away. He afterwards went back and secured the carcass, stopping long enough to pluck an unknown flower, and put it between the leaves of his note book for future reference. Such acts, and this was by no means the only one of its kind, gave him a power over his men, and a prestige among the natives, that did him good service. At this time Hannington entered into negotiations with Romwa, the king of U-Zinza, with a view to his assistance in reaching the head of the Lake. Romwa's capital was on the shore of the Lake not far from Msalala, where Hannington and his party were encamped. Hannington found great difficulty in purchasing food, all the rest of the party were ill, and the entire burden fell on him. A favorable message came from Romwa, to the effect that he would supply him canoes and men to take him to Rubaga. Before putting the entire party into the power of Romwa, it was deemed best that Hannington and Gordon should first visit Romwa at his capital. This journey was one of great danger to Hannington. The boatmen were impudent and thievish; at one time Hannington had to point his gun at the breast of the leader, and tell him to go on or die; when he came into the territory of Romwa, he found the chief to be unscrupulous, and it was with difficulty that he escaped with his life. He had to pass through a district that had never been visited by a white man before, and when he arrived at Msalala, he was in such distress of body that he had to walk with his hands tied to his neck, as the least motion of his arms gave him intense pain. The responsibility, the anxiety, the fever, the disordered liver, the long and weary march had been too much, even for such a gallant spirit, and for the first time in his journey, he longed to return. The strong, stalwart man of 35 tottered along like a man of 70. No

one who saw Hannington leave the camp at Msalala for Uyui ever expected him to reach that station alive. Twice on the journey the bearers laid what they supposed to be his lifeless body on the ground, and twice he crawled after the caravan which had gone on leaving him as they supposed, dead. But he never gave up. At Urambo, a station of the London Missionary Society, the black men who carried him said to the Missionaries, "Master must die, he is sure to die, but how is it Master is so happy; black man would lie down by the side of the road and die like sheep." His fine constitution, his iron will, his unfaltering faith carried him through, and long before his journey of 700 miles was completed, he was on his feet, running after butterflies, drawing sketches of adventures, teaching the poor blacks the way of life, and planning great things for Africa.

He reached England the 10th of June, 1883. On the 2d of January, 1885, he was again on his way to the dark continent. But now he goes out in a new capacity. The rare qualities he had shown on his first journey, his admirable letters written to the authorities at home, letters filled with wise suggestions as to the conduct of Mission work, his stirring speeches, delivered while recovering his shattered health, and above all, the grand spirit of the man, so commended themselves to the Church that he was chosen as the one upon whom should be conferred the high honor of the Bishopric of Equatorial Africa. He went out with a firm purpose to bind the Churches of Equatorial Africa in a bond of Christian unity, to plant new churches all over this section of the dark continent, and to open this promising field to the blessings of the Gospel.

On his arrival at Frere Town he began at once the work of a Bishop. He inspected every branch of the church's work, from the qualifications of the native catechist, who had charge of the Mission at Rabai, to the "moth, rust and decay" that lay on the deck of the "Harry Wright," the Mission vessel which plied between Frere Town and Zanzibar. He was unsparing in his criticisms of the looseness of administration in many parts of the Mission work, the penny wise and pound foolish policy in regard to the schools, and the insufficiency of the buildings used for religious purposes. He was independent and fearless in advocating what he believed to be for the best interest of the cause, irrespective of how any private

interest might be affected by his action. He made some notable journeys in the few months of his stay on the coast. He visited every station of importance within 250 miles of the coast. He visited the Mission Station at Taita, in the lofty mountains of Ndara, he ascended the mountain of Kilima-Njaro, whose peaks are snow-capped. While in these mountains he prayed that the Gospel might be given to these people, a prayer which has been answered, though he did not live to see it; he endured hardships and often risked life, that he might encourage the brethren in these distant localities, and plant new stations where they were needed. The history of these journeys over deserts, through swamps, up mountain sides, in perils often, in dangers often, reads more like a romance than a story of real life. On one occasion in the mountains of Kilima-Njaro, he was awakened at early morning by a shrill cry, and on arising from his muddy bed—he was sleeping on the ground wrapped in a blanket—he saw a large body of armed men charging up the hill, yelling and brandishing their spears. A single false step would have cost him his life and that of his men. He seized a branch of a tree, and ran down to meet the foe, crying "Jambo, good morning; do you want to kill a white man?" A sudden halt, a little parley, a small present, and the warriors retired.

One of the acts of the Bishop while at Frere Town was the ordination of two natives to the Diaconate. Both of these had once been slaves, and they were the first natives ordained to this office in connection with the C. M. S. But Hannington had large plans for Africa. A great project had taken possession of his soul. He determined to visit the Lake by the new route, which had been traversed by Thomson some years before. His recent trips convinced him that his old health had returned, he had walked 120 miles in three days, when he came from Chagga, and as he stood on the stoop of his house at Frere Town, he looked the very picture of health and strength. The new route had its dangers, but they were more than balanced by the many advantages which it offered. Hannington remembered with dread his old enemies the fever and malaria; these were indigenous to the lowlands of the south; they did not flourish on the uplands of the north. The chief danger was from the warlike Masai, through whose territory the way lay, but the Bishop after having carefully studied the subject, was satisfied that there was no danger but could be overcome

by prudence and skill. He provided against every danger except one, and that one, which was beyond his ken, cost him his life. As he left Mombasa with his 200 porters and one of the recently ordained native preachers, he had a merry heart. The old stride was there, the old merry laugh, the old enthusiasm fired his soul, as he thought of carrying the Gospel to the land of U-Ganda. He made light of difficulties. He writes, "We are a little poor. My watch has gone wrong. The candles and lamp oil were forgotten. My donkey has died, so that I must walk every step of the way. Having no watch I don't wake up in the night to see if it is time to get up, but I wait till daylight dawns. Having no candle I don't read at night, which never suits me. Having no donkey I can judge better as to distances, and as to what the men can do." So he trudged along with a merry heart into that unknown land from which he never returned. He encountered many dangers, but none of them disturbed his serene spirit. Often his way was blocked with armed men, and his intrepreter would beseech him to stop, but Hannington knew his men, and when kind words or gifts failed, then he used threats, and he moved on in the very face of danger, seemingly unconcerned. At times it looked as though even he would have to succumb, but his resources were unfailing, and he led this band of over two hundred men through a wild country, exposed to dangers of famine and of war with the skill and prudence and bravery of a veteran commander. At Ngongo, on the border land between the tribes of the WA-Kikuyu and the Masai, his provisions gave out and he had to depend on game and what he could purchase from the unfriendly natives. The admirable way in which he secured food from these thievish WA-Kikuyus, and the courage, dare, patience, and consummate tact which he displayed in dealing with the fierce Masai, are chapters in Missionary history that have few parallels. A single entry in his diary will give some idea of the immense strain which his body was enduring at this time. "On Friday night upon going to bed I took a bite from a biscuit, and fell asleep with the first mouthful still in my mouth, and the rest in my hand." When he reached the fair land of Kavironda, the inhabitants of which, though the most naked in Africa, were very friendly, he exclaims, "Oh that we might possess fair Kavironda for Christ." When he reached Kwa Sundu, he decided to take some 50 of his men and push forward, knowing that he must be near the Lake.

The Bishop left his faithful colored brother and 150 men on the 12th of October. On the 8th of November word was brought to the little band at Kwa Sundu, that the Bishop and his party had been cruelly murdered. The story of that murder has already been told in the pages of this REVIEW, but it is a story that we do well to tell over and over again. It was through no lack of care or foresight on the part of the Bishop that he did not reach Rubaga. The one thing he left out of his calculation was the state of affairs at the court of Mwanga, the king of U-Ganda, but of this he was profoundly ignorant. Mtesa, the king of U-Ganda, whom Stanley met, and who asked for missionaries of the Cross, died in 1884. His son Mwanga, a mere lad, ascended the throne. Great hopes were entertained of this young king since at the beginning of his reign he adopted measures that gave promise of a wise and beneficent ruler. But he soon proved the falsity of all such hopes. Christianity had made large strides in U-Ganda. In 1882 there were but five converts in the church at Rubaga, in 1884 the church had 88 members, among whom was one of the daughters of Mtesa. In connection with the missionary work was a printing press, and portions of the New Testament, many hymns, prayers and tracts of various sorts had been published. Christianity was flourishing. The wily chiefs looked upon this with forebodings, the unscrupulous Arab traders saw that their trade was imperilled, and ere long the mind of the young king had been turned against the Christians by these men who stood near the throne. He now only wanted a pretext to openly attack the missionaries and their converts.

Mr. Mackay, one of the Missionaries, asked permission to go to the Southern end of the Lake, to meet some fellow Missionaries who were expected—they did not come. When Mr. Mackay returned without them, the advisers of the king told him that the new Missionaries had gone to U-Soga, the country northeast of Uganda, to raise an army to fight the king. One event followed another in quick succession; the Christian natives were subject to many indignities, some of them were arrested, some suffered a martyr's death. Such was the state of affairs in 1885, when the Missionaries received word from Bishop Hannington, that he was coming to visit Uganda, and coming by the way of Usoga. Nothing could have been more unfortunate; to enter Uganda by Usoga was to come in at the back door. The Missionaries after careful con-

sideration resolved to tell the king, that the Bishop was coming, so as to avoid if possible what they felt to be his certain death. When Mwanga heard of the coming of the Bishop, he and his council resolved that the Bishop must be killed. When the news reached Rubaga, that a white man with only one thumb had come to Usoga, the missionaries went to the king, and did all in their power to save the life of Hannington. But it was of no avail. The decree had been sent to Luba, the chief of Usoga, and tributary to Uganda, to murder him. One week after Hannington left Kwa Sundu, he reached the head waters of the Nile. His heart rejoiced, as he knew he was near the end of his long journey, but alas, he did not know that he was walking into the very jaws of death. He was enticed from his men, and arrested by a band of men under the leadership of an unscrupulous Arab, one Masudi Bin Suleiman, a renegade Mohammedan. The poor Bishop was dragged over the ground, and put under a strong guard in a filthy hut where for eight days he was looked upon as a curiosity by the natives, and then led out to be killed. His men were speared to death, but Hannington at his own request was shot, his own rifle being the weapon that sent the fatal bullet. He died as he lived. During those eight days he never lost heart, or faith. His diary is the best book on Apologetics that has been published this century. It should be published as a handbook of Christian hope, every sentence is worth its weight in gold. "I don't see how I can stand all this, and yet I don't want to give in, but it almost seems as if Uganda was going to be forbidden ground to me . . . Let the Lord do what seemeth good . . . I hear no news, but am held up by Psalm xxx, which comes with great power." And so this brave soul, battled with disease, with treachery, with disappointed plans, and never once faltered, never once gave up hope, never once lost his faith and trust. Even when the soldiers, who were appointed to kill him, closed about him, he did not shrink, but drawing himself up with that old-time dignity, he said, "Go tell Mwanga, that I die for the Baganda, and that I have purchased the road to Buganda with my life." So fell the first Bishop of Equatorial Africa on the 29th day of October, 1885. His life was cut off ere he had reached half his prime. His Missionary life covered but a few years, but its influence will be felt through the ages.

II.—A MISSIONARY REMINISCENCE.

YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN—I COR. VI, 19.

The unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep;
The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name;
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

The Foreign Missionary work of the churches of this country during the present century has witnessed as high consecration and as heroic sacrifices as any age has seen. Nor have these been found with those alone who have gone to the foreign field. Some of the noblest foreign missionaries, in all the spirit of the work, and we believe, too, in all the final honor and rewards of it, will be found among those whose feet never trod a foreign soil.

Let me rescue a single and simple leaf from the record of—

'The unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep.'

It was in the early days of the Foreign Missionary interests in our country. Congregationalists and Presbyterians were then united in the work, through the American Board. To the early missionaries of that Board—all of whom have gone to their rest—the name of John Lawrence, of Salem, Massachusetts, was literally a household word. His family was a large and honored one, sharing in all the culture of a wealthy and refined circle. It was one of the first recognized Unitarian families of Eastern Massachusetts. In process of time, and under the silent influence of a noble and devoted mother whose religious wants could not be satisfied by Unitarianism, the family passed over to the faith of the evangelical Church. It was not a formal change. They entered practically and earnestly into the life that springs from that faith. The household was one in which Christ, in the person of his servants, was always welcome. At the centre of the Foreign Missionary activity of the day, the house was the home of missionaries who were waiting for their departure to their distant fields.

Such was the atmosphere in which the early life of Mr. Lawrence was spent. That life was one blasted from infancy by a disease that left him a cripple and a great sufferer, yet with a mind of extraordinary power and brilliancy. At eleven years of age he was fitted for Harvard College. His affliction, however, made it impossible for him to take a regular college course. The disappointment was intense. Indeed the acuteness and brilliancy of his intellect was itself perhaps the source of his most appalling suffer-

ing. His whole nature rose and struggled against the mystery of God's Providence.

Twenty years passed thus in forced acceptance of a lot which the world had no power to brighten, although every wish, as far as possible, was anticipated by loving friends. At twenty years of age, however, the long, sad, hopeless struggle ceased. He bowed to the will of God, and entered into peace. Old things passed away, all things became new. Henceforth the life he lived, he lived by the faith of the Son of God.

From this time forth he identified himself with the Foreign Missionary work, then, as I have said, in its infancy in this country. It *was* identification. He threw his whole heart into it. Time, education, and an ample property (for his father gave to him that portion of his estate which would have been his at his own death) all were consecrated to this object. He barely reserved enough of his income for his own necessities.

It was a quiet power that went out from that chamber of suffering. Missionaries and converts and native pupils experienced the sufferer's generosity and care. Comforts that the scanty resources of the Board could not provide were supplied to many missionary homes. Children gathered from heathenism were sustained in Christian schools, and trained for Christian service. The limit of his benevolence was simply the limit of his ability. Most literally was this true; for it was found upon his death that he had not only thus spent his income but almost the whole of his fortune. A few hundred dollars only were left when his work was done and his sufferings closed.

For a quarter of a century this life of sacred consecration and sacred pain, too, went on. It ended when the sufferer had reached his forty-ninth year. As it drew to a close, he was heard to cry, "O, Lord, give me not all my good things here!"

Did any Foreign Missionary ever experience more truly, or in a higher sense, the fulfilment of the Master's promise of the hundred fold in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting?

And now when our Foreign Missionary work is sore straitened for the means to overtake its great opportunities, is there not a call for something of the consecration that made the life of John Lawrence a perpetual benediction to others, and that carried with it to himself a blessing so real and so intense as to startle him, even amid the gathering shadows of death, with the thought that God was giving him all his good things here?

Ah! If this spirit could enter into some of our lonely, unsatisfied, objectless lives, how it would brighten them with a light from beyond the clouds, and make life indeed worth living!

Liberality in giving is not the only manifestation of this spirit. Sympathy, love, prayer, the word of hope, the letter of tender

interest and appreciation to some lonely missionary who has left all for Christ's sake,—everywhere the Master's work waits to be done. And it is work so ever near, so urgent, and yet so simple often, that He likens it to a cup of cold water given to the least of His weary ones. We may not see the good done; the soul refreshed may go its way without knowing the hand that blessed it; but the love which prompted the act will have done its work, and will receive its reward. Such a life can never be a failure.

J. L. C.

III. DEPUTATIONS TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Our readers are well aware of our deep and abiding convictions of the unwisdom, or rather of the very great mistake, of our Mission Boards when they send to their Missions authoritative deputations —one or two men—"clothed with full power and authority" to overrule, disallow and reverse the views and working plans of their missionaries. The working plans of these missionaries, men of much wisdom, sound judgment, earnest love to Christ and the souls of the heathen, with long years of experience in the work, must be far better and more effective than can possibly be those of any new comers, however great their official power may be. We have repeatedly pointed out the injustice and wrong to the missionaries involved in such deputations, as also the great injury, loss and damage done by them to the Missions and their sacred work.

But there is another kind of deputation for which we have expressed our warmest approval. Missionaries believe in the communion of saints; and when a deputation of Christian brethren, self-appointed or otherwise, come from Christendom at their own charges, or with no expense to mission funds, and come only to show their deep sympathy and interest in the work and render all encouragement and help in their power, such a Deputation becomes a blessing both to the Missions and work abroad, and to the churches at home when it returns.

A Deputation of this kind, with special plans for helpful work in the missions, is preparing to go out from England to India the coming cool season. Their special efforts are to be made in the Missions of the Church Missionary Society, and for reviving and deepening the spiritual zeal and consecration of the native Christ-

ians, pastors and other workers. A committee has been formed, and ten men—six clerical and four laymen—have enlisted for this work. Their general plan is to divide the C. M. S. stations in India and Ceylon into five groups or districts, and to send two of the ten brethren to each district. Their aim, as outlined in the plan of the committee, is as follows:—

1. First, there are the dear brethren of our Native Churches, who are, of course, principally in our minds. We all know how stagnation and formality are apt to creep over Churches, and how the enemy will try to dim the light which he cannot extinguish. We know, too, how often God uses a fresh voice pleading in connection with some special effort, in behalf of which much prayer has been made, to convert and edify and bless. And we remember that blessings to the Native Churches mean blessings to our Mission work throughout all India. As the last C. M. S. Report expresses it in regard to Africa:—

"Forty thousand communicants ought to mean forty thousand Missionaries to the surrounding heathen; and if spiritual life in them were lifted up to the level of whole-hearted consecration, an immense impetus would be given to direct Missionary work."

2. But there are others also whom such an effort might reach. Year by year large numbers of young men go forth from our schools and colleges in India, whose faith in the idols of modern Hinduism is altogether shaken. Many of them know something of the facts and doctrines of Christianity. They have a fair knowledge of the English language. And who can tell the incalculable blessing which might follow if these educated non-Christian natives could be reached by the scheme of which we are speaking?

The quickening of spiritual life in Christian congregations, and the leading to conviction and decision for Christ these educated Natives, are surely aims which God will approve and bless. We say nothing of the influence which such an effort must surely exercise on many European communities in India.

We are most anxious that it shall be from first to last the Lord's work; and we earnestly beg that there may be much waiting upon God not only for His blessing on the result of the endeavour, but for wisdom and direction in the conduct of it, even to the minutest detail.

God grant us all, Europeans and Indians, what St. Paul desires for the Ephesian converts: first "to KNOW . . . what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe," and then knowing it, to EXPERIENCE the "being strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man." Ephes. i.

In raising the tone of the Native Churches, in reaching the educated but non-Christian youth of India, we aim at great things; but they are not too great for His Power and His Will to bestow.

JOHN RICHARDSON, *Chairman.*

CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE,
16, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C., March 24, 1887.

Surely every Christian heart may well join in frequent, earnest and effectual prayer to God that His richest blessing may attend this effort, that it may mark the beginning of new spiritual life and energy in the native churches and Christians, and of aggressive efforts far more earnest and successful on their part for winning their friends and countrymen to the faith of the blessed Gospel.

IV. CALL AND QUALIFICATIONS OF THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

We have long desired to say some things on this subject for which we have hitherto failed to find time and strength. Meanwhile a paper prepared by Rev. J. B. Fraser, M.D., published in the *Knox College Monthly*, embodies some excellent thoughts, a few extracts from which are as follows:

Spiritual.—In addition to the experimental knowledge "of the truth as it is in Jesus," which is an essential qualification of the Christian worker everywhere, the foreign missionary should be *an enthusiastic Christian.* There are multitudes of good and worthy believers, and ministers even, who have no enthusiasm. They may have their place and their work, but it is not among the heathen. The constant contact with the mass of spiritual death will cool and freeze any but the most ardent souls. The men who have been honoured to warm dead hearts into new life have been men whose own souls were aglow with the divine fire—men of spiritual intensity. There is no substitute for this enthusiasm, and no prospect of much success without it. Vain ambition may inspire for a time, and may even seem to succeed, but it consumes the soul and dies out in ashes, while the divine fire—fed by the oil of grace—burns on while life lasts. Besides, there is a difference between spiritual zeal and selfish ambition which even the heathen detects, despising the one as much as he respects and admires the other.

The missionary must be *eminently Christ-like*, because his life is preaching even when his lips are silent. He must be able to say: "Those things which ye have seen in me do, and the God of peace shall be with you." It is often thought that the situation of

the missionary is most favourable to holy living, but experience has proved the contrary, and the lamentable lapses into immorality of some who would probably have lived consistently in a Christian country show the need there is for the missionary to be "filled with the Spirit" if he is to be preserved blameless.

As to his creed he will believe, of course, what is held in the Church with which he is connected, but there are some doctrines that are fundamental in the missionary's creed on which he must have strong and settled convictions. He must believe that, without the Gospel there is no help or hope for the heathen—that they will die in their sins; that Jesus came to seek and save that which was *lost;* that unless they repent and believe on Him they *cannot* be saved; that Jesus is able to save unto the uttermost; that there is no blindness of mind or hardness of heart beyond reach of His power; that "*now* is the accepted time;" that not only is there no warrant in the Word for the hope of "a future probation," but that the whole tenor of Scripture forbids the cherishing of any such delusion; that the ministry of the Word and Sacraments are the divinely ordained means for the conversion of sinners and the edification of believers; that what the truth has done for the heathen in the past it will still do for them as long as the heart of humanity remains the same, and "the Word of the Lord" abideth. He who goes to the heathen must go in faith, strong faith—faith in Christ's purpose and plan and power "by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." He must go in love, love for Him who first loved us, and love, such as His, for poor perishing souls. He whose soul is not stirred by the thought of men dying in darkness and blindness, and going down to the blackness of darkness forever; who does not weep with Jesus at the sight of the perishing, has no mission to the heathen. He may be gathered in himself, perhaps, but he will never know the joy of the reaper "bringing his sheaves with him."

The Call.—But, is every one who has these qualifications to go to the mission field? And, if not, how is he to know whether he should go or not? The silent cry of the heathen need is ever in our ears, the open doors in every direction are a standing invitation to enter in and possess the lands for Jesus, the incessant and urgent appeals of the men in the field are well-nigh irresistible, the manifest blessing of God on the labors of those who have gone at His call, put the thought of what must be left completely out of mind. Every one who wants to work for Jesus must have asked himself many a time, "*Ought* I to go to the heathen?" You ought to go, *if you can*, where there is most need, and where you can do the most for the Master. If the Spirit has "laid the heathen on your heart," and you are in heaviness of soul day and night with the thought of them, and if, in addition, you are in any measure qualified for the work, you certainly *ought to go, if you can.* Offer yourself for the work, and hold yourself at Christ's command. Say to the Master and to the Church, "Here am I, send me," and if it be the Lord's

will *you* should go, He will open up the way before you. It is His will that the Gospel should be preached in all nations, and while this is so far from fulfilment the question should be, not "Am I called?" but "*Am I exempt?*" which would be an easier one to answer. There is always need for able and faithful men in the *home* field, but its most destitute places are better provided for than most highly favored sections of the *foreign* field. The churches of Christian countries must be aroused to realize the need and peril of the heathen, and there is no way in which this will be done so soon and so effectually as by large numbers of their own sons pleading importunately to be sent to preach the Gospel to the nations. "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT?"

Lastly, he should cultivate the art of extemporaneous speaking, so that he may be *ready* without notice, on every opportunity. The faculty of drawing on the surroundings of the occasion for illustrations will secure attention for what is said when nothing else will. This faculty should therefore be diligently developed, so that what one sees or hears will link itself immediately to some phase of truth that may be in the mind, or may be suggested by the circumstances. Preach as often as you have opportunity, and however carefully you may have prepared or even written your discourse, *preach always extemporaneously.* If you can find audiences that will make remarks or interrupt with questions, so much the better, as you will have plenty of such experience in preaching to the heathen, especially in new fields.

We would give special emphasis to the view here presented that, in case of every young person feeling the pressure of obligation to make Christ known to the heathen, the question to be earnestly and prayerfully considered is, not "Am I called?" but "*Am I exempt?*" With the heathen perishing, and Christ's own command pressing, the call is to be assumed, unless there are positive and specific reasons for exemption.

Far too many professing Christians, and even ministers of the Gospel, still entertain views on this subject quite like those of dear old Dr. Ryland, when he silenced young Carey by an impatient stamp of his foot, exclaiming "Sit down, young man! When it shall please God to convert the heathen, He'll do it without your help, or mine either."

They would have young persons wait for some mysterious call to this work, not considering that the great needs and wretchedness of the heathen are God's own means for impressing His call on sanctified hearts waiting to know and do His will.

V. INDEPENDENT FOREIGN MISSIONS.

I. MISS ANSTEY'S WORK AT KOLAR, INDIA.

(See Vol. IX., p. 248.)

Christian giving as brought into prominence now is becoming a synonym for money. Articles bearing this title are almost invariably pleas for larger donations or sad mournings over empty treasuries. Using the "*widow's mite*" as our key-note we are calling loudly for pennies—and with what result? We are getting pennies. The number of copper coins in an ordinary church collection might well lead one to question whether the Saviour attached some special virtue to a *mite*. Is there not danger that this subject is being presented in a wrong light to our young people? In our eagerness to recognize the smallest offering, are we not lowering the standard given us by the Saviour—"*She of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living?*"

Sarah Hosmer, while a factory girl, gave $250. to support native pastors. When more than 60 years old she longed so to furnish Nestoria with one more preacher, that living in an attic she took in sewing until she had accomplished her cherished purpose. Dr. Gordon has well said, "In the hands of this consecrated woman, money transformed the factory girl and the seamstress into a missionary of the cross and then multiplied her six fold." But might we not give a thousand times as much money as Sarah Hosmer gave and yet not earn her reward?

Jesus sits over against the treasury to-day, looking not so much at the gift as at the giver. Do we ask what is his estimate of my gift? God's standard of value can be found in Numbers XVIII.: 29, "Out of all your gifts, ye shall offer every heave offering of the Lord, of all the *best* thereof." Also, Mal. I.: 14.

We who have health, vigor, spirits, talents, affections, zeal, are we offering to the Lord only our money? Is this the very *best* of our treasure? God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten and well-beloved Son. Judging from our gifts, could Jesus say of us, "But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you?"

Christian giving is Christ-like giving; and *He* gave *Himself*.

But I am only a mite, do you say? Ah, friends, self-giving is humiliating. When we reach that point the best seems most unworthy of our King. And yet we are on a par with the widow and can look up for an approving look even though all of self amounts to only "two mites which make a farthing."

Our King not only refuses this farthing but converts it into a pound. If we can't say this from experience, let us look at others.

Miss Fisk gives herself to be used by God. At the Jubilee celebration in Oroomiah in answer to the call for all women who can read to rise, 600 spring to their feet in a single assemblage.

Dr. Mackay lands on the island of Formosa with no churches, no preachers. He celebrates his 14th Anniversary with 1273 converts and on a subsequent tour in ten days baptizes some 1200.

We rejoice and thank God that Christians are coming to see that giving money can never substitute self-giving. "Ye are not your own." If the church of God realizes that her King is satisfied with nothing less than all her heart, soul, strength and mind, she could never spend 99 cents in a Christian land and one cent in giving the bread of life to the dying heathen; her sons and daughters could find no complacent rest in the thought: I am doing all my duty if I am a consistent lawyer, an upright business man, a dutiful wife. Ah, no, our King's business requires haste and cannot be accomplished by odds and ends of time. Our world must be evangelized in a single generation. The heathen are growing upon us and if we carry the "Gospel to every creature" this one thing must be our personal interest, our work-day thought. Every talent can be utilized for this end. Are you a business man, with executive ability? put it into a new mission in unoccupied territory. Are you a surveyor? Pick out your road in the jungles of India that like Dr. Clough you may preach Jesus to 1,000 coolies. Have you wealth? Go like Robert Keith Falconer to Arabia, so that in self-giving you can see that your money is used directly for soul-winning.

Too long have Christians read Jesus' last command as applicable to the church in general but to only a very few members in particular.

Men of means like Mr. Studd; women like the eight self-supporting missionaries of the Church of England Zenana Society, and Independent missionaries are doing much to make foreign missions *the one great* practical, personal, interest of every true Christian. In our reviews of Independent Missions we have not included all self-supporting workers but only those connected with no society. The *Kolar Mission* heads our list. In this mission we find the Board of Trustees; Architect of Mission Buildings; Examiner of Schools; Treasurer and Preacher, all combined in the person of a single woman—Miss Anstey.

For those who have not read this story of self-giving, as referred to in former volumes of the REVIEW, we would say that Miss Anstey, a young English woman, worked nine years under the London Missionary Society. At the end of this time failing health compelled her to return to England. In answer to prayer she was healed, and sailed for India with renewed consecration and an intense desire to work for Christ in some unoccupied field. She found this in a large tract of country near Bangalore.

In speaking of going to this lonely spot, Miss Anstey says:— "The ladies' societies shrink from the responsibility of sending workers where they will be deprived of all the outward means of grace, but I know that He who sends me forth will feed and sustain me."

Miss Anstey finally decided that she would give up her connection with the society in order to go to Kolar. She thus plunged into dense heathendom; the only white person in the whole region.

She reached Kolar at the beginning of the terrible famine of 1877. Under these circumstances it was with some misgivings that she surveyed her chosen field. But "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Little did Miss Anstey realize the outcome of the kind thought that prompted her to pick up a poor, starved babe left to die on one of the streets of Kolar. Quickly the news spread, "Anstey Madam Sahib will take children." Mothers came in scores with their little ones. The garden of Kolar was granted Miss Anstey by the municipality. Plain buildings were erected and with an assurance that He who sent the little ones would send her their daily bread, Miss Anstey took them in. Soon she had 400 children. During the first month some came who were too feeble to be restored by the best nursing and Miss Anstey laid away in the mission grave yard some 230. Many of these, however, knew much about Christ before they died.

Soon the chief commissioner inspects the orphanage and advises that 400 more children be sent to it. News is sent home and friends volunteer help. Few who have not been on foreign grounds can estimate the responsibility of such a mission as that at Kolar. At a single time Miss Anstey had some 800 children, mostly orphans. For these not only schools but industries must be planned, services sustained and Christian influences brought into every day life. As the work increased it brought deep heart trials. Some of the native Christians proved unfaithful, ungrateful children ran away, during a short absence of Miss Anstey, Roman Catholic influence made a great disturbance in the school. All these troubles were carried to Jesus. One entry in Miss A.'s journal is: Notwithstanding the sadness of the last two years caused by being constantly surrounded by sickness, suffering and death, they have been the most restful, peaceful of all the years of my life, for they have been lived out in the strength of Jesus—mine by faith.

Later reports of this mission show God's seal on the work in conversions. In July, 1884, there were some 168 members in the Christian band. Nine married couples started a Christian village towards Bangalore. As Miss Anstey visits them they show her their fields of rice and sugar cane and also their babies and she writes of this and that one of her grandchildren.

In the starting of another Christian village, Nazareth, we noticed that heathen villagers were ploughing with their own oxen

and ploughs, without pay, to help the Christian boys to get their land ready for the coming rains.

Miss Anstey has bought still another sheltered, well watered piece of land which she calls Elim. Some 15 boys are settled here.

As you look at this extensive mission, visit the weaving estabment, the blacksmith's shop or sugar cane vaults; go into class rooms, prayer meetings and Christian villages; does the question arise—What wise home management is guiding all this? Who constitute the Board? We fail to find any Board, unless Miss James might be called such. Miss James, Fairview, Seven Oaks, Kent, will gladly send information of the work at Kolar or forward funds to Miss Anstey.

As to the wisdom or success of this work, we feel that it is best explained in the motto which stands over every report of this mission—"Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

Is there not in this work a lesson in true Christian giving? Miss Anstey was a lady of some means. She might have argued—"I will give my money but why should I leave England while there is work to be done here?"

Miss Anstey doubtless would have done good work in England but could it be compared to her work in Kolar? Her money might have been used on mission ground, had it been offered as a substitute for personal service, but is not every pound doing more for Christ because offered with whole hearted *self*-giving?

The support of these orphans and mission work at Kolar consumes some Rs. 25,820 a year. No wonder if at times supplies come short so that Miss Anstey finds herself looking to God for help amidst tears while still trusting. Of some straits we give her experience in her own words, thus:—

One Sabbath afternoon my children held a prayer-meeting to lay before the Lord the needs of the Mission. Several volunteered to fast until the service was concluded, and amongst them a caste lad who had lately joined the Mission to be instructed in Christian truths. Next day I received 6 rupees and a note from the gowda, or headman, at the Bethany village—a manly young farmer who looks after the Christian families residing there. His note ran thus: —

DEAR MOTHER,—Having felt very sorry on hearing that there was no money for the Orphan Home, I prayed, "O God, in whose name it is supported, send money to the Orphan Home." I believe we lack nothing if God is on our side. And He will withhold no good thing from those who walk uprightly. Therefore, dear mother, according to my poor condition, I send 6 rupees. May God send money abundantly. At the same time I send 126 measures of raggi which is God's portion from me. . . . Cast all your burden upon the Lord who cares for you every day. Thus wishing, your dear son,

OBED DAVANERA.

July 7 is a day not to be forgotten. News spread that "Mother" was in heaviness. I could only trust that "the barrel of meal shall not waste." But from whom could help come? There are no helpers in "Colar" outside the Mission. How sweet it was, when, in the evening, a young woman with her child came to the door, and said,

"Mother," and then quietly placed in my hand, without another word, her offering of love. This unexpected gift (nearly half a month's pay) made my heart overflow. Then, in much concern, she wiped away my tears, saying lovingly, "Do not weep, Mother." So I explained that they were tears of joy at her silent expression of practical sympathy.

Shortly after a young father of two fine sons came in, and, without a word, gave more than half his month's pay. The next day another Madras lad came, and asked that he might speak with me alone for a few moments; he handed my this note, wrapped round a rupee —

DEAR MOTHER,—What I write is that I came to know that you were a little sorry yesterday. You support so many. You have sorrow yet. God will anyway support. I will also pray to God. A little help may be done by me. I do not mind taking a little less food this month. ISRAEL.

Then another young mother came; she gave nearly a month's pay, and said, "If you are sad we are sad too—we do not forget the Lord's goodness to us in days past."

I determined to resume a meeting for waiting on Him daily for daily bread. We have long been feeling the need of showers of blessing; we have been crying out to Him for times of refreshing, and now the Lord has guided us to the time, plan, and those who were to take part in this new meeting for prayer. In their sympathy they have given liberally out of their comparative poverty, and now they will heartily help with their prayers. Commending this corner of the Lord's vineyard to the prayerful sympathies of the Lord's people, I am, yours very truly, LOUISA H. ANSTEY.

I B. HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES MISSION.

We have heretofore associated Miss Reade with Miss Anstey, but we learn that Miss Reade is engaged in separate work in South Arcot. She designates her mission by the above title, and medical practice seems to enter largely into her work for the benefit of the people. We have failed to gain full statistics of her mission and work, but she mentions some items in a letter of Feb. 22, 1887, for which we are indebted to *The Christian*. Miss Reade writes:

"How I long for a helper I can hardly express. If two could come it would be better, as it would then leave me more free to go to distant villages. If you only saw how I have to refuse calls made with tears to visit poor sick women, your heart would ache with mine. One feels it is like shutting an opened door. With difficulty I managed, in response to one call, to go to a village five miles off, but, the road being so bad, the sun was setting by the time I got there. I attended to the poor thing, when on coming out they literally brought their sick from all sides and set them before me; even a blind man begging me to heal his malady. Through God's grace the woman recovered, and now from that village and neighboring ones they are pleading with tears for me to come. With aching heart, I say, "No, you must go to the hospital," when they reply, "No, we want you; only come and feel with your hand, we shall be satisfied." Think what it is to say, "No," for it is such an advantage gained, for them to seek Christian in preference to Government help, and opens the door to whole villages.

To celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, I took the children and the whole Mission out for the day. They stayed in the shade, near a neighboring village, and I took advantage of the opportunity to do what I could, but I had to tear myself away to come home. Had I a helper, I would stay out for three or four or more days, and not only attend to whatever cases I could, but also thoroughly evangelize the place.

These figures may interest you: — South Arcot. Madras Presidency : Area, 4873 square miles, 76 Government-endowed Pagodas; 243 Mosques, and every village its own particular shrines and temples. Population: Hindus, 1,676,462; Jains, 3861; Mohammedans, 44,567; Protestants, 1839; Roman Catholics, 29,455; others, 110. Only 1839 Protestants to 1,754,455 other religionists."

2. GHAZIPUR MISSION.

(Vol. IX., p. 249.)

This mission, a living monument to dear old Father Zieman who founded it and prosecuted it many years, reported 998 baptized persons at the end of 1884. We are sorry to have gained no later statistics as yet, but still hope to have them in time for our summary of these missions.

3. THE KABYLE MISSION OF NORTH AFRICA.

The mission work of Mr. Jeremiassen on the Island of Hainan having been taken over by the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board, we have substituted this Kabyle Mission in its place. This Mission has its chief station at present in Tangier, Morocco, with Rev. E. F. Baldwin as its superintendent. Bro. Baldwin's first knowledge of the mission arose from his being sent on an exploring visit by the Mission Board of his church, the Southern Baptist Convention. He became deeply interested and impressed with the great need and promising outlook of mission work among the Kabyles, and so reported to his Board on his return, proposing at once to go back and plant a mission among them. But his Board decided that its existing missions were so needy and pressing and its funds so limited, it could not venture to begin a new mission.

Bro. Baldwin then turned for help to the Baptist Missionary Union at the North, but encountered the same reply. In this emergency, deeply interested in the Kabyles and the proposed Mission as he had become, he gathered means from friends and acquaintances to meet the expense of the voyage, and with Mrs. Baldwin and their children he sailed at once, trusting in God. In England he met with a few who had become interested in the same people and had resolved to establish a mission among them. They had already purchased a building at Tangier, and they at once placed Mr. Baldwin in charge of the work and he went forward, repaired and occupied the building. The leading facts connected with this work will become sufficiently apparent in Mr. Baldwin's statements if we give our readers some of his own letters. In one of his letters addressed "*To the Friends of our Mission*," though sent to us, he writes:

"With great joy I seat myself to pen a circular letter to the dear children of God who are interested in our Morocco Mission. I am able now to send the tidings which, above all others, I have longed to commit to the mail, that the saving power of God's grace is now already begun to be seen among those to whom we have so imperfectly

spoken the Word of God. Our admiration of God's loving kindness in this is beyond expression, the thought, that before we can speak, save slowly and stammeringly, the Spirit of God should begin to quicken these precious souls. It has been freely said that Mohammedans can not be reached with the Gospel. This I know is the Devil's lie, designed, first to minimize and then to paralyze Gospel effort among them. There are some two hundred millions of Mohammedans, all perishing "for lack of knowledge." But so little does their need of the Gospel impress the mind of the Church of Christ, that even the name "Mohammedan" has not yet entered into Foreign mission phraseology or hymnology. Though we hear and sing of and pray for "the heathen," and missions to *them*, yet how little, if at all, of Missions to Moslems. A few recently sent out to North Africa, who are not yet much acquainted with the language, comprise nearly all whose labors are devoted exclusively to the followers of the "false prophet." According to the little effort and less faith of the church has been the meagre result in the way of conversion work, until the difficulty of successfully evangelizing a Moslem population has become proverbial. The church of the present day is like Hagar sitting down in the supine and languid helplessness so characteristic of Eastern peoples, about a bow-shot off from where the lad Ishmael lay dying of thirst, saying, "Let me not see the death of the child." Gen. xxi. But God heard the cry of the lad (not of the woman) and aroused and rebuked her, and touched her blinded eyes, and she saw the springing water right at her feet, and she arose from her supine hopelessness and took the lad in her arms and gave him to drink, and he lived. So God is arousing some of us to perceive that "the fountain of the water of life" is for Ishmael,—for these Moors who are the lineal descendants of Ishmael, and are called in ancient histories of Morocco "Ishmaelites" and "Sons of Hagar." We believe that the first prayer recorded in the Word of God,—Abraham's prayer, "O that Ishmael might live before Thee,"—and its quick answer, "As for Ishmael, I have heard thee," (Gen. xvii), is to be fulfilled by many who are of Ishmael, receiving eternal life. "The first fruits of Achaia unto Christ!" (Rom. xvi.) The first fruits of Morocco unto Christ!!! How precious in his sight! How precious in ours! It is the promise and pledge of an abundant harvest.

The first Mohammedan we have reason to believe received the Gospel in saving power, was a woman at our out-station, Arzala. She boldly told others that the Lord Jesus was her Saviour. The sisters who labor there (Misses Herdman and Caley) trust her daughter also has accepted Christ. Two lads there seem also to have yielded themselves to the Lord Jesus. This fruit was seen in the early part of the past summer, when the Arzala station had been opened only some three months.

About the same time, a dear old man, called *El Haji*, (meaning "the pilgrim," because he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca,) evidently received the truth of salvation through the blood of the Lord Jesus, and came daily, saying "Do read me a little more about my Lord Jesus." He told us and others that Jesus had made his heart quite clean. I well remember seeing him weeping under an address I gave, in my poor, lame Arabic just before leaving for a visit to England last June, to a group of natives who had come for medicine. He was after that daily at the Mission house until the light broke in upon his heart. This man is a "Shereef,"—one of the direct descendants of Mohammed himself, all of whom are accounted to be holy men by all Moslems.

But I hasten to tell you the best news of all. It is concerning our dear, bright, zealous young convert, El Hasan, a babe in Christ of but a few weeks old, who has filled us with joy and encouragement unutterable. I first saw him last May, when on a journey in the mountains between here and Setuan. He came to my tent one evening from the caravansary, where he was stopping for the night, that he might make my

acquaintance. I was at once impressed with the pleasing countenance and bearing of this young Moorish gentleman. I found him remarkably intelligent and well educated for Morocco, and wonderfully free from an intolerant spirit, though a devoted Moslem. I afterward learned that he was of one of the (so-called) "best families" in Morocco, tracing their ancestry back to the time when, centuries ago, their home and possessions were in Andalusia, Spain. Some of his relatives are in high official position. I mention this, not as of importance, but of interest.

This acquaintance thus begun in May, was renewed in June, when he came to Tangier at my desire, and was daily at the Mission House, occupied with Arabic literary work for us. Before meeting me he had never seen the Word of God, and when shown it he esteemed it lightly. But after a little time it began to assert its blessed mastery over his spirit, and he read it with delight. He said to us, "I know the Koran (their sacred book, a pretended revelation) by heart, but you have to *read* your book." After being with us only three weeks, a conviction of the truth of the Bible, and an uneasiness as to the reality of the religion of his fathers, appeared. He began saying if he read on and stayed with us, he might have to become a Christian. But this was perhaps intellectual and not heart exercise. On going to England to arrange for the education of my children, I left him to work at translating book after book of the Old and New Testaments from Eastern Arabic into that of Morocco. God's blessed word did its own sweet work. Miss Tulloch daily helped and guided him. Imagine her joy one morning on his coming to her with great eagerness and telling her of his having received forgiveness of sins the night before. He had been reading and pondering the first epistle of John, as he translated it, on the preceding day. That night as he was reading it, he said, a great light from God seemed to break into his soul, which, he confessed, had been very dark and hard. He went on to describe how it seemed to him that the Lord Jesus came near to him, and he said to Him, "Here, my Lord Jesus, take my heart." He said he then lay still and wept upon his bed, and knew that he had received a new heart and had his sins forgiven. His joy since has been unbounded. "El hammed l' Allah," (Praise be to God) and "El hammed l' Sidna Aisa," (Praise to our Lord Jesus), are often on his lips, and, I believe, always in his heart. Since then his life has been beautifully consistent.

Upon my return from England a few weeks ago, I soon learned the good news. I was much touched, on telling him he could have a vacation, and go and see his relatives in El Kasar, two days journey from here, to see him quite break down and weep, and tell me that immediately after his conversion a few weeks before, he wrote to his father that he could no longer remain a Mohammedan, for he had become a follower of Jesus. His father promptly wrote back, on behalf of not only himself but El Hasan's mother to whom he is tenderly attached, that he was no longer their son, and if he returned they would imprison him. The full import of this renunciation of Mohammedanism and the supernatural power needed to produce it, and the moral courage it demands, can only be understood by those who have lived in Moslem lands. By the law of the Koran, which is the law of every country of the "Crescent," it is death. Hasan said his father would not imprison, he would *kill* him. As far as I know, this is the first Moor, (the name given to Arabs in Morocco), who has ever thus renounced Islam and declared himself a Christian, since the blighting system of Mohammed had its birth. (I, of course, except the others I mentioned as having declared their faith in Christ's death for salvation, which is a virtual giving up of the false religion. But in El Hasan's case it is a positive renunciation.) It is said that the Jesuits who have had missions here and in Algeria many decades, if not centuries, have never yet, in Morocco, won a single Moor to Romanism.

Some of El Hasan's relatives sent for him to come to them to keep one of their religious feasts or "aides." His comment to us was, "What would *I* do at their *aide?*" I could fill pages with expressions of faith and hope and spiritual intelligence from his lips. He fearlessly confesses Christ everywhere. Like young converts at home, he seems to think it is only necessary to fully make Jesus known, and all Morocco must needs soon be at his dear feet. He is sure there are many devout ones, such as he was, (somewhat like Cornelius in Acts as he himself noted) who will quickly receive Christ if instructed. I am also sure there are hundreds and thousands. He said to me the other day that the truth was not that his Lord Jesus was by his side, but that He was in him. When a brother was quoting to him the text—"A thousand years is with the Lord as one day," he said, "Yes, the Apostle Peter wrote that in his letter." Such acquaintance as that has he gained of the Word of God in these short months of transition from darkness to light. He said to me, "I now understand how it is God is one and yet three. It is something like the sun, which is one and yet three. It has its substance, its light and its warmth. He longs to be in Fez, where he is going with me, where he will be able with me to speak the Word of God to all who will come to us, all the day long, and we know throngs will come. If one's heart is big with faith, he says, one will have no fear; and that if he were before the Sultan, he would fearlessly confess Christ as his Saviour, though his head were to be taken off the next minute. He seemed to be first attracted to Christianity by the sublimity of the teachings of Christ. No other religion, he said, taught men to love their enemies. He notices minutely our actions, and is not slow to say of any inconsistency, "I do not think our Lord Jesus would have done that."

If this dear man's life is preserved we believe he will be greatly used of God to win others. He is already himself a missionary without suspecting it, for he constantly speaks of Christ. He has interested some of his friends, even those in high position. Others frown upon him and threaten him. His dauntlessness is an inspiration. Just now we are trembling for him, for he heard his mother was sick and likely to die, and he could not rest until he was on his way to her. We fear it is but an excuse to get him into the hands of his relatives. I have obtained for him letters of protection from the American Consul, which will doubtless protect him from imprisonment. Still the ghastly possibility of poisoning, in which the Moors are adepts, remains. I entreat the prayers of every friend of our work for this dear, promising young convert. He has already mentioned the matter of baptism and will doubtless be immersed as soon as I can find time and opportunity to instruct him therein.

Let this bright conversion speak its own lesson to your heart, dear friend. Its precious logic is, if thus in three short months, the seed of the Word so germinated and bore fruit in a heart theretofore following Mohammed after the strictest fashion, what may we not expect from other past and future seed sowing?

Other cases of lesser though considerable interest, in which work of conviction has been begun by the Spirit of God, come to mind, but must be passed by now. We have great hopes of one man from near Fez, of "noble" Berean-like spirit, who seemed to drink in God's Word as this thirsty land is now drinking in these first rain falls since Spring. At the first sitting he read the first nineteen chapters of Matthew. He stayed some days reading day and night, and saying only hunger drove him from it, the Word. He would gather groups together and read to them. He wished us to loan him the volume for a month that he might copy as much as possible in that time, for his own use. We of course gave him a copy.

I am just on the point of starting to Fez, the northern capital of Morocco. It is ten days journey on mule back, into the interior. We ride on pack saddles, the animals

carrying also panniers full of our clothing, tents, cooking utensils, books, &c. We will, in Fez, occupy a native house, with no other furniture than our camp beds and boxes, conforming our living, as far as possible, to that of the Moors we long to win. In Fez live some two hundred thousand Christless souls. It is the seat of such rude learning as the country can boast, and is the heart of Morocco in every sense. The very many Fez men who have visited us from time to time (some of the relatives and of the household of the Sultan), are the best types of Moors we have seen, and seemingly much more disposed to hear of Christ than those here. Fez is virgin soil scarce trodden by the foot of an evangelist since the early centuries when Morocco's sons swelled the ranks of the martyrs. The population is entirely Moorish, save a few thousand Jews. Arabic is the language of all. The Sultan divides his time between Fez and his southern capital, the city of Morocco, where he is at this time. As he comes and goes he is accompanied, we are told, by some fifty thousand people. I hope to yet stand before him and speak to him and those about him, of the "great salvation." I have already had an audience with the eldest son of the presiding shereef, (a sort of Pope or High Priest,) of all Mohammedanism, at Wizzan, Morocco's Mecca, where he was holding his Shereefan Court, in his father's absence. I go to Fez to speak of Christ to the people and to get on with the language I doubt not the men of Fez will be continually coming in and going out of "our own hired house," where we will receive them. I will stay there, please God, all the winter or rainy season. Rains have already begun heavily, and the journey is likely to prove trying, as sometimes we cannot keep the rain from coming through our frail tent. Later in the season the mule tracks, (there are no roads,) become quite impassable for animals. I am to be accompanied by a dear young Scotch brother, a former member of Dr. Bonar's (Presbyterian) Church, Glasgow, and at one time Assistant Secretary of the famous Glasgow Y. M. C. A. Since I met him here on my arrival nearly two years ago, he has seen the necessity of obedience to the Lord in baptism, and I had the joy, last spring, of thus burying him at the little beach at the back of the Mission House, in the waters of these straits of Gibraltar, that separate us from Spain by only fifteen miles. He has been greatly desirous of relinquishing the secular occupation he has been following here, and of joining us in Mission work. He is of an ardent nature, full of energy, and possessing some admirable gifts. Besides what he may do in language study and spiritual work, he will relieve me of much care in looking after the many and time-consuming details that enter into one's outward life in this country. He wishes to engage permanently with me in the mission work, but he is without means. Therefore, if he remains with me I must look to the Lord to put it into the hearts of some of his stewards to send me the funds needed for his support. Our dear El Hasan also goes with us. His ability, with the zeal and love and courage he has, will be invaluable in promoting the work. He will be reading the Word to groups of men from morning to night in our house.

Frank, my eldest boy of eleven, also accompanies us. My dear wife and eldest daughter Carrie, and my two youngest children will remain here in Tangier. My wife will forward my mail and supplies. My address for mail will still be Tangier, Morocco, via Gibraltar. During the winter my daughter Carrie will visit Moorish women in their homes, and my wife also, as far as other pressing home duties will permit.

It will interest our personal friends to know that five of our children, (Reba, Pearlie, Gertie, Furman and Norman,) have just recently gone to England for education. We had hoped to have them continue to study at home, but the climate is somewhat enervating for children, and we reluctantly decided to have them in England. They are all together in the home of Miss Soltau, at Hastings, and most advantageously circumstanced

in every way as to health, and education, and in an atmosphere of such elevated and wholesome spirituality as is rarely equaled. Although after being an undivided family for twenty years, the wrench of giving up our children was severe indeed, especially to my wife, and though we miss them inexpressibly, yet our minds are quite at rest as to their happiness and welfare.

We have now a number of simple hymns in Arabic, set to familiar tunes, which the Moors delight to hear us sing, and which they readily learn. I believe gospel work in Morocco will be marked and forwarded by a large use of sacred song, for which their beautiful language is well adapted. These lessons in song are new and attractive to them.

Time would fail me to tell of the Lord's unceasing and unforgetful love and faithfulness in supplying our temporal needs. We do not tire but rather grow in admiration of the path of faith. It is indeed no easy way to tread, but the compensations are abundant. How much better, as old Puritan Gurnall says, to have the Lord come and daily inspect your larder, and you converse with him about your needs, than to pension you off by the year. I will only mention one or two instances that have occurred since I sent out my last letter to my friends in the early part of this year. During part of the Spring we were much pressed for funds, and for over two months we received nothing towards our work. But we really "lacked no good thing," for we had a lot of groceries on hand which had, at the beginning of this period of stringency, been purchased in England, and paid for with funds sent through our esteemed brother, Mr. Eugene Levering, of Baltimore, who so kindly continues to fulfill the service of receiving and forwarding donations. I had tried in vain to sell my horse. When almost two months and a half of this pressure had passed and it seemed as if it could no longer continue, help came in a very marked way. I have but little time or inclination for diary keeping, but at that time I made the following entry: — "With all these things (certain severe trials I was going through besides the much lesser trial of lack of funds) pressing on my mind, and being much depressed about them, even to sinning against the command to 'be anxious for nothing!' I fasted, (as far as I was able,) and prayed and humbled myself before God, on last Friday. As, at night, I read Daniel's confession, the answer made to him that the time of his people's trial was *determined*, came with power to my soul. The next morning it seemed the Lord bade me rejoice and praise. That day light began to break in the way of guidance in the greater trials, and that day also our trial for funds for the present was ended. How I praised God. The help came in a letter from . . . Pastor of the . . . Church, of New York City. Years ago I had sent him an article for a paper he was then publishing—the first time, I think, I thus appeared in print. But I never met him. I had sent him a copy of my last circular letter, and an explanatory postal card. He enclosed a generous amount, very much the largest donation we have ever received. His letter was as follows:—

'My dear Bro. Baldwin.—Some two or three weeks ago, when I entered the parlor of the church previous to going into the lecture-room to open the prayer-meeting, I found in my mail a postal card from you. I had also the same week received your circular letter. At the close of the meeting I mentioned the fact, and under a prompting I could not explain, asked if any one felt like contributing to raise $100 for your work. A lady stepped up to me and said she would send me a cheque for that amount. I received it the next morning—Saturday. The following Lord's day I again spoke of it without previous intimation, and received at close of service $50 more. I expected to send it that week. When happeing in at a house of a member of our church I mentioned how the Lord had dealt in this matter, and at once, without solicitation, she handed me $20. Every effort to send has so far been prevented, and the amount has now risen to $211. I doubt not the Lord has some special meaning in it to you. Not a dollar of it was begged. It seemed to be thrust upon me. The Ladies' Missionary Society at their last

meeting, read your circular. Also an account of you and your work in the *Gospel Worker*. I think, and believe there are some of the older members of our church who know your father, and remember you as a boy. I pray that God may abundantly bless you in the riches of faith; for such a possession not only blesses him who has it, but enriches others who have not been heretofore walking so closely in such a life. I enclose draft. Yours, &c., ——.'

This letter cheered me beyond expression. The money was most welcome. But far above that was the joy of tracing the hand of God, which filled me with admiration and praise. It was to my soul like the meal given Elijah, under the juniper tree, in the strength of which he went on. My wife and I prayed and praised together with many tears. My natural appetite departed for that night and the next day, for I had the unknown to the world, and unseen food to eat. I had about the same time other helpful letters."

I will give a later instance. It was when I was recently in England. On a certain Monday afternoon in Hastings, I had gotten Miss Soltau's consent to receive my children. I hurried up to London to speak that night at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, (Mr. Spurgeon's) where the Lord helped me as I stood before the great audience.

The next morning I hastened to the office of the Steam Ship Company whose steamers run to and fro from London to Tangier, to learn when was the next steamer from Tangier. It was daily expected. The next would not be for three weeks, which would consume that much of my time waiting for the children to come, and would bring them too late to begin with the classes at the opening of the fall school term. But before I could cable my wife to send them, I must pay their fare there in London. The chief clerk said it would be £20 ($100), though afterwards he kindly made a little reduction. I mentioned it to the Lord, as I hurried to the London noon meeting, where I was booked for an address that day. A brother there handed me my mail. How I rejoiced at the quick, yea the afore prepared answer, for among the rest was a letter forwarded to Tangier by Bro. Levering, and, by my wife, forwarded to me, and in the Lord's knowledge, arriving on "that instant." God is never behind time. His instants are full of instruction. It is said of Anna, "And she coming in *that instant*," etc. (Luke ii, 38.) The letter was from a lady in Wooster, Ohio, enclosing to Bro. Levering $100, and sent in obedience to the wish of her mother, expressed shortly before her death, June 7, '86. I at once was able to cable for my children, who took the steamer in question, and after safely arrived in London.

I should like to tell of my interview with Pastor Charles H. Spurgeon, with whom I spent several hours at his home, and of several interviews with Mrs. Anna Shipton, and some striking and faith confirming circumstances they brought out. She is widely known in the U. S. through "Tell Jesus," "Wayside Service," and other of her little books, which I cordially commend to promote heart communion with the Lord Jesus. But space and time forbid. I trust it may be the Lord's will that I should sometime put in some permanent printed form, a record of some of the Lord's dealings with me, that thereby young or inexperienced Christians may be encouraged to trust in the Lord for everything. Such a record, I have faith to believe, would be largely owned of God in strengthening the feet of believers on the blessed pathway of simple trust, and in also bearing an unanswerable testimony to God's faithfulness in being willing to care, in a temporal sense, for all who have the spiritual nerve to step out on his promise, and obey his command to go forth in faith to carry the gospel to "the dark places of the earth." Admirable is the work done by our Missionary Societies. But when will the world be evangelized by these agencies at the present rate of progress? In a statistical pamphlet of wholesome facts, entitled, *A Century of Protestant Missions and the increase of the*

heathen during the hundred years, by the Rev. Jas. Johnston, F. S. S., (Nisbet & Co., London), the *resume* contains two startling propositions, 1. "That although three millions of converts have been added to the church, (during the century past,) there are now two hundred millions more heathen in the world than there were when Protestant Missions began, a hundred years ago." 2. "That while the Christian Missions have made almost no impression on the great systems of heathenism, the heathen have converted many millions to the faith of Brahma, Budda and Mohammed." Three millions gained against an increase of two hundred millions of population is hardly progress in overtaking this vast work. But we are not discouraged, as those who look for the world's conversion by the churches' efforts. We expect the Lord Jesus to come personally, after the gospel has been preached, in all the world, *as a witness*, and has had its certain and designed effect of "taking *out of* the Gentiles a people for His name," even as "many as have been ordained to eternal life,"—to come personally to raise the sleeping saints and change "those who are alive and remain," and take them all to be with himself, and to himself inaugurate the period of millennial blessedness. But when will the world be *evangelized*, (not Christianized, for that is not God's purpose,) by existing agencies or methods? There needs to be a return to the apostolic plan of multitudes of individuals going forth in faith into the regions beyond, and of individual churches sending out individual missionaries, as the church at Antioch, with the Holy Ghost, sent out Paul and Barnabas—a living missionary, and a living church, and a living link of interest between them—the missionary sending frequent tidings and rehearsing as did the Apostles, the Lord's doings, and the Church sending *up* prayers, and sending *out* words of sympathy, and substantial help, as we read in Phil.

How many consecrated and suitable men and women in the U. S. are ready to come forth in simple faith? How many churches in the U. S. are there who will look around among their members and select and send forth and sustain some willing worker in whom they have confidence? Dear Brethren, my experience and knowledge of the field here in Morocco are at your feet (slight though they are as yet) for this purpose. I will receive and locate and start with the language, &c., any number of suitable men and women of God, you will send out on lines indicated above. I leave the responsibility upon you who read these lines. I find that I can secure numbers of the best workers to come out here from England, and I can find their support with them in the way above indicated. In one case a single individual pledged to support a lady worker if I would find one I would approve of and desire. In several other instances churches are quite willing to send out or support a missionary. But I covet that the many openings in this land be occupied by workers, from the Baptist Churches of the U. S. If such workers are forthcoming I will wait for them. If not, there is no alternative but for me to find them in England. If several offer themselves from the U. S., I should seek to arrange to cross the ocean for a few weeks next year, in the early summer, when the climate makes work here trying, and see such proposing missionaries, and judge of their suitability, and make the necessary arrangements with the churches, whose representatives they would be.

I rejoiced, a day or two ago, in looking over my lists of donors, and donations, to see that the interest in this infant Morocco Mission has steadily grown from the first month after I left America to the present, and this notwithstanding I seldom find time for even private letters to American friends. It is some months since I have written to any friend in the U. S. The sympathy felt, as thus indicated, is many fold what it was at the first. So we take fresh courage as we press on to Fez, by which move our expenses are largely increased.

I return heartfelt thanks to every kind individual giver of sympathy and help, and to the several Churches, Ladies' Missionary Societies, and Sunday Schools, in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Virginia, North Carolina, Ohio and other states which have so repeatedly and generously helped in our work, and to all who have written words of help and encouragement by which we have so often been cheered, and to which we would gladly reply individually, but that it would leave me little or no time for my legitimate mission work. Will such kindly consider this a personal answer, for as such I write it.

I also thank the Editors of our Baptist papers, as well as some other publications, for so kindly and gratuitously sending me week by week their columns, and for the references they have occasionally made to our mission.

Brethren, pray for us.

My wife and daughter Carrie join me in cordial salutions to all who read these lines, and with me send Christian love to all our friends.

Yours most heartily in the Lord Jesus,

E. F. BALDWIN.

"We are most thankful to yourself and your son, for ten dollars from each. Such helpful, substantial remembrance is deeply appreciated."

TANGIER, MOROCCO, April 2nd, 1887.

BELOVED FRIENDS IN THE LORD JESUS.—I have just returned from the journey to Fez (the great Northern capital of Morocco,) upon which I was starting when I penned my last circular letter. I was absent four months. Nearly a fortnight was consumed in getting there. We "dwelt in our own hired house and received all that came unto us, preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding us." A beloved young Scotch brother, who volunteered to accompany me and look after material matters, and my little son Frank, were my only companions. We were in great discomfort for a time after our arrival, but afterwards secured a little house in a garden, through which the river of Fez flowed. Here we spent some happy months though with scarcely any of the ordinary appliances and comforts of civilized life. The people came freely about us. Many heard the word of life. The great opportunities and large promise of work in this land were more than ever impressed upon us. Not a few were at least intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity. Some professed conversion. I will speak confidently of but one, whose experience was most remarkable and who abides faithful. His name is Hasham, (not El Hasan, of whom I told in my last,) and he has the title Muley, being a lineal descendent of Mohammed, and looked upon with peculiar veneration by his fellow countrymen. His father's grandfather was the Sultan of Morocco. He is of middle age, of great intelligence, and well educated for a Moor. He had been greatly devoted to the faith of Mohammed, and held an hereditary position in connection with one of the many mosques (some fifty) of Fez which he relinquished on his conversion. The details of his being brought to believe in and confess Christ are of thrilling interest, and some of them I would fear to tell lest they be doubted. His awakening illustrates how feeble a word may be blessed. He had a child at the point of death, and I simply told him it was useless to pray to God for the child, save in the name of Jesus. This word entered at once into his soul and he spent that night praying for his child in the name, the thrice blessed name of Jesus. The next day but one he professed himself a believer in Christ, telling me of a vision of the Lord Jesus he had had, that sounded like

a leaf from the Acts of the Apostles. It filled me with amazement and joy, and I could do little but stand still and see the salvation of God. I had but to point out what God said about a thing and he received it with rejoicing and daily waxed strong and has already become a stalwart believer whose faith and patience would put many at home to shame. Two or three days after his conversion I pointed out what the Lord Jesus said as to baptism and he was eager to at once obey. I baptized him that noon in the river in our own garden. . . . My dear little son (12 years old) was so impressed by the sight that he also desired baptism, to my great joy. Muley Hasham's conversion occurred only about four weeks after my arrival in Fez. Therefore, I had his help in the work all the rest of my sojourn. He boldly and publicly confessed Christ, abandoning the false faith of Mohammed. He daily instructed those who came to the house. He has gifts that make it desirable that he should give himself wholly to the work of the ministry, which is his great desire. I have brought him with me to Tangier, where he has endeared himself to us all and hope to retain him for help in the gospel. He supplies my imperfect knowledge of Arabic. He is without means, and I should be glad if some rich friend should covet the exceeding honor of supplying his temporal needs. $250. a year would amply meet this dear man's humble needs and enable me to keep him wholly occupied in gospel effort. Who will do it?

My stay in Fez was of great help to me in increasing my knowledge of Arabic.

At our out station (Arzeela,) ten or eleven souls have evidently received Christ, of whom two have fallen asleep. In this work God has honored the faith and toil of two devoted sisters who fearlessly took up their abode in that little city where were no others than natives save themselves. I cannot express how deeply I feel that there are hundreds of Christian young women in America who could give themselves to such like work here. What an unfading crown would be theirs! I will gladly be the helper of such, or of young brethren either. Who will come? Who has faith and courage for it? Such as can trust the Lord for support shall lack no good thing, though among the good things, they will find as part of them, plenty of trials as do we. But none of these things move us. We count not our life dear to us if we may but finish our course with joy.

I am about starting on another trip or series of trips into the interior, to occupy these spring months. My wife and daughter Carrie and Muley Hasham will be with me. We hope to again go to Fez, and perhaps other towns of Southern Morocco, after the summer heat has passed. Travelling is expensive, as we must have at least five mules. To hire them consumes too much. So they must be purchased.

Yours in the Gospel of God's dear Son,

E. F. Baldwin.

VI. MISSION BOARDS—INQUIRIES.

Under date of June 1, 1887, a much esteemed brother writes:

Dear Brother Wilder:

Will you kindly answer the following questions concerning Missionary Boards?—

1. Is it desirable to have a Board?
2. Is this the best way to raise and distribute missionary money?
3. What are the proper and special duties of a Board?
4. What objections, if any, are urged against Boards?
5. Could Boards be made more effective than they are?
6. If so, how?

REPLY.

436 W. 20th St., NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1887.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Replying to your questions by number—

1st. I think it desirable, *necessary*, indeed, for every church (denomination) to have some agency or agent to act for it, in its name and by its specific instructions, in the conduct of Foreign Missions. But this agency should never assume powers independent of, or unauthorized by the church. I object to no Board held strictly amenable to the church. All mischief and harm from the excessive power and authority exercised by Mission Boards and officials is traceable to the indifference and neglect of the churches, to whom Christ gave all ecclesiastical rights and prerogatives.

Take the case of our own Presbyterian Board. Secretary Lowrie of this non-ecclesiastical Board has usurped power to send back to the missions of North India a *deposed missionary*, and has crushed and destroyed the Presbytery which deposed him. In this case our whole church is dishonored and guilty before God. The primary sin is Secretary Lowrie's, but the sin of the church is great, dishonoring herself and her divine head. No doubt a single secretary, or in case of a church having extensive Foreign missions, a secretary and a treasurer, *chosen directly by the church* in her organized character and capacity, would be more easily held amenable to the church than is a large Board.

2nd. The pastors are the proper agents to raise the funds. The salaries of the missionaries should be fixed by the Board, or the one or two officers, under the immediate and prayerful supervision of the church, and with her intelligent approval. The money sent to the missions, over and above salaries, should be left to the judgment and prayerful distribution of the workers on the ground (among the heathen).

3rd. In case a large Board is appointed by any church, its special and proper duties should be to aid pastors in deepening and extending Missionary interest and rousing all hearts to more giving and praying for this work. Hence such a Board should represent every part of the church at home.

4th. My objections to our older and larger Boards are, that, unable to investigate cases themselves, they leave everything to the judgment or caprice of the officers, and, standing as a screen, or opaque body, between them and the churches, they increase greatly the authority and power of the officers, so that they (the officers) are enabled to exercise arbitrary and absolute authority such as no individual officer would ever dare attempt if held directly responsible to the churches.

If the Presbyterian Secretary Lowrie, *e. g.*, had been thus directly responsible to his church, knowing he would have to report

his acts to the General Assembly or Conference of his church, and be required to justify them to the whole church, would he ever have dared to send back that regularly and prayerfully *deposed* missionary, and to destroy the deposing Presbytery by ordering its members to leave it and join another Presbytery or be cut off and dismissed by the Board; actually stopping the salary and dismissing the one who could not divest himself of his Christian manhood and obey such a cruel and unjust order? And if by any possibility he had rashly ventured to do these acts, would they not when brought *directly* to the knowledge of the churches and pastors, have aroused the holy indignation of every right thinking and manly mind among them, and resulted in prompt action correcting this gross injustice and abuse of power, confirming the deposing act of the Presbytery, and restoring said Presbytery to its integrity? and the faithful old missionary, so unjustly dismissed, to his connection with and his support by the Board he had served with all fidelity and devotion more than thirty years.

5th and 6th. Could Boards be made more effective than they are, and if so, how? Yes, by having them represent every part of the home church and limit their responsibility mainly to the work of helping pastors communicate information and extend and deepen interest in all minds and hearts in this blessed work. They should have no legislation or ecclesiastical power whatever over the missionaries. These should be as free in their work and as directly under the control and discipline of the church as are the home pastors, and also the members and officers of the Boards. The advice of the Boards may be serviceable to the officers in preparing their schedule of appropriations to the missions for the coming year; but these appropriations should come before the churches in their highest court or annual gathering and be subjected to the criticisms and suggestions of every member, and be adopted only by a majority approval. Such a process would interest and bind all hearts to this work to an extent never yet attained. It would place the responsibility of supporting this work on the churches and their individual members, where it belongs. It would help bring the missionaries and their work, in its details, close home to the understanding and heart of the churches, and make them feel it is *their own work*, and not that of a soulless corporation so planned and organized and administered as to render the whole business mechanical and official, relieving the churches and their individual members from a feeling of personal interest and responsibility for its details, its successes or its failures. I grieve that my severe suffering limits me to such a brief and imperfect reply to your inquiries, but my strength is now exhausted. In Christ's love and service, and in undying love for this blessed work of God among the heathen, believe me, yours sincerely,

R. G. Wilder.

VII. ANSWER TO THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, REQUIRED BY GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Presented to said Board, Oct 3, 1877.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE. EPH. IV. 15.

(Resumed from middle of page 362.)

The 11th proposal of my paper is

XI. Moved that our Foreign Board be instructed to make no change in its minutes after submitting them to General Assembly.

Bro. Lowrie affirms that no change has ever been made. (See record of July (1877), p. 209. Bro. Lowrie does not keep your minutes, but is doubtless honest in his belief, though liable to err, as I am also. While examining your minutes in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1876, as one of the Standing Committee of General Assembly, I made a memorandum of some of your notes and actions. Examining your minutes again at last General Assembly (1877) I observed seeming changes. I believe them to be changes, as honestly as Bro. Lowrie can believe no changes have been made.

The record of your action in case of Rev. E. Vanorden is dated Jan'y 24, '76. In my written memorandum of that action, confirmed by memory as well, is the word "recall." In your minute, as it now stands, the word has become "release"—a word of very different significance. In speaking of your action in Rev. E. Vanorden's case, I everywhere assume that my memory is correct. I say you "recalled" him. And is it not so? Bro. Chamberlain, of the same mission as Mr. V., told me you *recalled* him. All the articles published in the N. Y. *Evangelist* and Chicago *Interior* admitted, or assumed, that you *recalled* him. Did you not *recall* him? And if you *did recall* him why has this word been eliminated from your minutes, and the word "*released*" been substituted?

Even if Mr. V. foresaw your purpose to recall him so distinctly that he felt constrained to resign, still you knew nothing of his resignation till long after your vote actually recalling him. On receiving his resignation you could have recognized that by new action, without changing your action already on record. Does not the fact of this change in your minutes weaken confidence in the accuracy of all your minutes? How many other missionaries have you "*recalled*," and subsequently changed your record to "*released*,"

or some milder word? General Assembly has already forbidden such change in minutes. (See its action of 1862, p. 34, N. S. minutes.) Is not my proposed instruction just as proper as that original action of General Assembly? This is not the only change in your minutes, as I believe, but it may suffice for the present.

(Resumed from page 367.)

CONTINUATION OF CURRENT REMARKS AT PRESENT DATE.

One more fact deserves to be stated and well understood in this connection.

3. *The Secretary sold our beautiful church in Kolapoor, unbeknown to us, and before we could get back to the Mission!* It was sold at public auction, bought by Moslems for a mere trifle and made over by them, in boastful triumph over our Christian faith, into a Mosque for the worship of the false prophet!

Is it wrong for us to ask, would it not have been more kind and christian, in case this church was to be sold, if the Secretary had let us know his purpose, and given *us* a chance to buy so much of it as belonged to the Board? (It was, in part, our own private property.) Our purpose to resume the mission was well known to him from the first. All our movements and preparations were openly and publicly made. Why did he order our church sold without our knowledge? Why did he not ask us for the title deeds of the site, still in our possession, that his sale might at least be legal? But we leave all queries and comments to our readers. The simple story of this church in briefest terms is this:

When detached from our old mission at Ahmednuggur, and sent by Dr. Anderson, without consulting our wishes in the least, to found this new mission at Kolapoor, we found the people excited and bitterly opposed to allowing a Christian Mission in their sacred city. The very day we reached there with our family the leading men presented to their King a petition numerously signed by the Brahmans, Sirdars and influential men, praying him to remove us at once and not allow a mission to be established there. The King sent the petition to the British Resident, Col. Graham, and he in turn sent it to the Governor of Bombay. This petition soon came back to the King with the quiet suggestion by the Governor that the time to banish missionaries had gone by. He had better make no attempt to banish us, but whether he and his people would hold any intercourse with us, or listen to our teaching and preaching or not, was a matter of their own choice and pleasure.

The hint was taken. A state of non-intercourse was proclaimed and adopted. The only shelter we could obtain for our family was an old house in a deserted camp, a full mile and a half from the city. Our best efforts to gain friendly intercourse and relations with any of the 45,000 people of the city failed for months. And

when at length God helped us to gather a few boys as a nucleus of a school, and these increasing in number, their parents too began to venture into our little hired school room, and their numbers became too many for its capacity; our earnest desire to retain every inch of progress gained, made us long for a small, nice preaching place, into which we could invite our pupils and their parents and friends, and address them more at length, under more favorable circumstances.

To our requests for means to build a church and dwelling house, our worthy secretary always replied: "Wait and see if you can hold on and make it a permanent mission." Just as if it never entered his mind that in order to hold on, a preaching place and house to live in were a *sine qua non.*

At length our longing for a larger and cooler preaching place than our little hot school room led us to gather up our little savings and resources, we bought two small native houses, removed them and thus obtained a site for a church; and hope and courage rising with success, we put our own hands several hours each day to blasting and digging rock, employed a few masons, carpenters and coolies, and soon had the joy of seeing rise before us a solid stone church, with a cool, pleasant audience room 50 by 32 feet inside, and a verandah 12 feet wide in front for an open Zyat.

Before this building was completed, dear Dr. Anderson reached India on his deputation visit, clothed with full power to destroy our schools. He called us all to meet him at Ahmednuggur, came not to Kolapoor, and saw nothing of its special needs, though with one stroke of his pen, despite our best logic and entreaties, he wiped out our schools, which had proved our only connecting link with the people.

But in an hour of gentler mood he heard of this nice new church, so economically built thus far, and in good part with our own hands, and he told us we might charge its cost to the Board. At the same time he authorized us to build a house, but limited us to one-half the cost of any other house of the Board in all the Missions of Western India. We declined any attempt to build a mission house with the small amount authorized, but the need of it was so imperative that we gathered up all our personal resources and began it at once, thinking the dear old Secretary, on further reflection, would give us the ordinary allowance and let us make it the property of the Board. This he never did, and hence the house fell into our own hands and thereby escaped the disaster which came upon the church.

When the Secretary told us we might charge the cost of the church to the Board the year was closing and our accounts were promptly to be made up and sent to Boston. We gathered up and charged the items so far as practicable, amounting to Rupees 798 (about $400), leaving unsettled bills and other items to be adjusted

in some future account when the church should have become finished. Thus it was that the Secretary, seeing this charge of Rs. 798 in our account with the Treasurer, claimed the church as the property of the Board, and without our knowledge sent an order to India for it to be sold. This order reached Mr. Havelock, British Resident at Kolapoor, who at once had the church put up at auction and sold it to the Moslems for 274 Rupees (about $135), who quickly transformed it into a Mohammedan Mosque.

After the "*Card*" and subsequent action of our Presbytery mentioned above, we had sailed for India, and for those who go to this work trusting in God for support, we ought to testify that for the dozen years we were connected with no Mission Board we lacked nothing. Our family and our work were as well provided for as when we were connected with the Boards.

On reaching Kolapoor and finding our beautiful church in such a state we could enter into the feelings and lamentation of the Prophet, Isa. 64: 11, as never before. We at once called on Mr. Havelock. He was not a man of prayer, like his noble uncle who recaptured Lucknow from the rebels, but was known as an earnest advocate of Lock-Hospitals and similar political measures. When asked how he came to sell our beautiful church, he mentioned the order of the Mission Secretary, Rev. Dr. Anderson, well known the world over, whose authority to order it sold he of course could not call in question. When asked how he could give the Moslems a legal title to the site while we held the original title deeds, he became very red in the face and seemed to become conscious of his blunder. He expressed his regrets, declaring if he had only known of our personal claim on the church, and that we were coming back to prosecute the Mission, he would not have had the church sold. We remained silent, merely showing him the title deeds in our possession, letting him take in the situation and see himself, without our help, how he had exposed himself to a legal prosecution which was sure to amerce him in heavy damages and ruin his reputation for any political appointment in future.* He became more profuse in his regrets and apologies, and ended by offering to *give* us another site for a church and make ample amends for our personal loss from his sale of our church.

We knew the original fault was Dr. Anderson's, though Mr. Havelock's blunder was a very grave one, and the only one with which we could effectively deal. We waited some months for his offer of a new site, and at length sent him a reminder. He sent an order to his Assistant, a European officer of immoral character,

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* He was afterwards superseded at Kolapoor, and appointed to a less responsible position in the Revenue department.

with no friendly feelings for Missions. He prepared a list of some dozen localities, any one of which we might select, and sent his peon with the list to show us the sites. The first site to which he took us was to the North-east of the city, so far distant from it that we could never expect the people to come to it. If a church had been built there and *given* to us, it would have been of no use. The second site shown was still further from the city to the South-east. The third was the site of a small house in ruins, too small for a school house, its title in controversy. The whole list was tested, but with no better result, and we sent it back to the Political Assistant with our regrets that he had given us such needless trouble. He soon called, regretting we had found no one of his sites acceptable, and had the kindness to ask us to name a site that would be acceptable to us. We suggested that as a *sine qua non* it must be among the people of the city, and mentioned an old building adjacent to our former church. In seeming astonishment at our presumption he declared that was impossible; it was the *Gymkhana* (Gymnasium) of the King himself, and could not be had for love or money.

We knew this was not so, that the king had no right, use or control of the building, though we did not take the trouble to tell the Political Assistant so or enter into any controversy with him. But we had learned our lesson. We ceased to look to these Politicals for help. We considered afresh whether duty to the mission and to ourself did not require us to bring suit against Mr. Havelock in the High Court of Bombay, but resolved first to let patience have her perfect work. Meanwhile that noble Christian statesman, Sir Bartle Frere, then Governor of Bombay, came in some way, not through us, to know the facts of this case, and took prompt measures to reimburse us for our personal financial loss. His statesman's eye saw clearly that his own Government was responsible for his political Agent, Mr. Havelock's blunder, and doubtless chose to have it no longer exposed to such a prosecution. But he also saw no less clearly the injustice Mr. Havelock's act had inflicted on us, and we had reason to feel that his reimbursement of our loss was an act of generous magnanimity, showing his kind interest in our mission and his wishes for its prosperity. He soon after sent us 100 rupees as a personal contribution to our work.

In this connection we ought to mention that in less than a year after the political assistant refused us the building adjacent to our former church, we had possession of it and saw rising on its site another church, more beautiful and costly than the former one. We need not describe the surprise and vexation of the British Politicals, or the attempt they made to annul our purchase; but they found our title Deed was duly drawn in legal terms and form on

stamped paper, and their efforts were unavailing. ‡The Mohammedans, too, repeatedly stopped our work by appeals to the officials to prevent our building a Christian church so near their Mosque, but their efforts proved abortive, the walls rose rapidly under our personal supervision and with some hours with our own hands each day in stones and mortar, and though the approaching monsoon constrained us to drive every nail in the roof with our own hand, yet we had it safely roofed in time. The beautiful new church was completed and still stands as a precious monument of faith and patience. Great was our joy in preaching the blessed Gospel in it some dozen years, and when at length we had to leave the mission in broken health, we had the pleasure of *giving* it without charge to the Foreign Board of our beloved church, and it still does abundant service as the largest and best church in our dear Kolapoor Mission.

Let not these side-issues divert the minds of our readers from the one specific object of this narrative. Our text is, the loss and damage inflicted on foreign missions and missionaries by the arbitrary power of non-Ecclesiastical Mission Boards and Secretaries. We have shown our deep and abiding conviction that the sending of Secretary Anderson to India "clothed with full power and authority" to overrule and reverse the life-long views and judgments of all the Board's missionaries in Western India, Madura and Ceylon, was contrary to Christ's teaching, an outrage on the missionaries, and resulted in very great loss and injury to the work. True, the ruin wrought by his destruction of the mission schools has since been gradually retrieved. But it has taken long years to accomplish this, while the actual loss and hindrance to the work meanwhile from the Secretary's arbitrary act, has been great and grievous.

In case of the Presbyterian Missions in North India we have shown the blight and barrenness inflicted on them for six or eight years by Secretary Lowrie's arbitrary acts, his usurpation of Ecclesiastical power in over-ruling the action of Mr. W.'s Presbytery deposing him from the ministry, and in doing all he could to destroy the deposing Presbytery. And we thus demonstrate the absolute necessity of placing those mission Boards and secretaries under limitations of power, and the positive obligation resting

‡ We ought to make it plain that this opposition was limited wholly to the British Political Officials. The Native Government officials, after the first attempt to banish us, and the prejudices and ignorance of our true character and object which induced it, had been overcome, showed only a kind and friendly feeling. When building our new church, in the emergency and difficulty of procuring timbers long and strong enough for the necessary support of the heavy roof, the King most kindly offered to *give* us the needed timbers from his own stores. We ought to say also that it was limited mainly to those particular British officials who had taken part in the sale of our church. For the constant kindness and generous helps of most of the British officers, both civil and military, during all our years at Kolapoor, we acknowledge our very great obligations.

on the churches thus to limit their power and hold them strictly amenable to their ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

In this brief narrative we have presented *three* distinct acts of Secretary Anderson, generally regarded as one of the best and ablest Secretaries of any and all Mission Boards. And, yet acts, we respectfully submit, utterly unworthy of any Christian man. How long must this blessed work of God among the heathen continue to be marred and obstructed by such acts!

If our readers will believe us, we publish the *personal* incidents and details of this narrative with far more reluctance than the Secretary and Prudential Committee published their *card;* but we could not otherwise put our pastors and leading minds in possession of the acts and doings of this mission Secretary and Committee, which demonstrate most conclusively their human passions and erring judgments, and the absolute necessity of restricting their arbitrary power if the work of missions among the heathen is to be properly and successfully prosecuted. Christ enjoined this work on his immediate disciples as representatives of His church in all coming time. The support, performance and conduct of this work belongs expressly to the church. She cannot demit this duty or intrust it to another party without her close and constant supervision. In allowing a mission Board and Secretary to exercise such arbitrary power the church inflicts cruel injustice on her missionaries, mars and hinders their work among the heathen, and dishonors both herself and her divine head. In these closing days of our earthly work, we are devoutly thankful to God that He has enabled us to place these facts and testimony on record, even though with waning strength and trembling hand. And we earnestly pray God that by this, and other means and agencies of His own choosing, He will so emancipate foreign missionaries from usurped authority and arbitrary control, and so modify and reform the whole conduct of foreign missions, that this blessed work may move forward with far greater and more rapid success, and the whole world be speedily brought to know Christ and His great salvation.

VIII. LOVE TOKENS.

The Deposed Missionary Woodside, and Secretary Lowrie.

The Pioneer, reporting departures from Calcutta, mentions the sailing, April 27th, of J. S. Woodside, with other passengers, for London, Eng., thus far confirming the *News* item in our last number, p. 372. We know not whether Mr. W. has left the Mission permanently, for the Mission's good, or intends, after a business expedition, to return and recover arrears of Mission salary and continue, with Secretary Lowrie's help and influence, to afflict the Missions and dishonor the Church.

Grievous as has been the damage and loss from this case to the Presbyterian Missions in North India, the action of General Assembly in 1884 fastens the responsibility and guilt upon the whole church, though the few partisans of the Secretary who compassed that action, were deceived by his misleading, erroneous and false statements. The great wrong thus inflicted on the Missions and Missionaries still cries aloud to the church and to God for redress; and can never be redressed till the Presbyterian General Assembly shall revoke its wrong action of 1884, and enforce its "eminently wise and righteous action" of 1883. May the dear Lord open the eyes of pastors, elders and churches, to the enormity of this case, and speedily bring about this redress so imperatively needed.

A Fresh Usurpation of Ecclesiastical Power.

The love of power, and especially of arbitrary and usurped power, grows by what it feeds on. Not long since the Mission Presbytery of Lahore, India, called one of its members, the Rev. J. C. Bose, a native preacher, to trial, and suspended him from the ministry for "lying and a course of deception carried on through several years." Mr. Bose appealed his case to the Synod of India, and the Synod at its last meeting, after several days spent in investigating the case, voted Mr. Bose guilty by a large majority, confirming the action of his Presbytery. After this action of Synod, the Lodiana Mission, in whose jurisdiction Mr. Bose seems to have been preaching at the time, also dismissed him from its service. Thereupon, encouraged, as we may well suppose, by Secretary Lowrie's interference and usurpation of ecclesiastical power in reversing the action of Mr. W.'s Presbytery deposing him, and thrusting back the deposed man into the Mission, even crushing and destroying his Presbytery in the process—encouraged, doubtless, by this case, Mr. Bose has appealed to 23 Centre St., and a demand has been sent to the Missionaries to render an account of their doings in this case.

In sending such a demand, or interfering at all in such a case, does not Secretary Lowrie virtually destroy all independent rights and prerogatives of missions, mission Presbyteries and Synods, and assert the full right of review and control over them? And will the 5,000 pastors, 10,000 and more elders, with the whole Presbyterian Church, stand idly by and see such a system of Protestant Popery take root and form and become an established and permanent usage in the conduct of our foreign missions? Must this demand lead to another eight years of "corroding controversy" between the mission Secretary and the missionaries, engrossing thought and feeling, time and strength, and still keeping the missions barren of spiritual results? If the Presbyterian brethren in North India cannot be allowed self-government and control even in

the discipline of their own native preachers and helpers, is it not the part of wisdom to abandon the missions there at once? Will it not be better both for the Presbyterian Church at home, and for the proper conduct and more rapid progress of the missions in India? Is it possible for missions so rent by controversies, through the arbitrary interference of a mission Secretary, to be prospered and blest of God in their spiritual work?

IX. LETTERS.

1. India—Rev. Mr. Pike.

The following letter from Mr. Pike to his Secretary, gives to friends in Christendom a more vivid impression than they often gain of a missionary's joy on receiving to the church his first convert, after long years of apparently fruitless labor. The missionaries at Sumbulpoor, India, have worked and watched and waited more than seven years, uncheered by one soul won to Christ. At length their first convert has come out boldly and confessed his faith in the one true Saviour.

Some may better understand from this letter also, the severe struggle involved in breaking away from caste and friends in thus confessing Christ in India, and an unbeliever in Christendom may well ask, in view of this case, if a Hindu's convictions of the truth and of the worth of his soul become so strong and lead him to give up all for Christ and heaven, what will become of me, with all my greater light and knowledge, if I neglect this great salvation. Mr. Pike writes:

I must send you a few lines to-day to tell you of the baptism of Nabaghana Choinee, the young brahmin referred to by Mr. Heberlet in his last report. He has been studying the scriptures for some six years, and at last has come out boldly for Christ. I mentioned how, whilst praying for him in our little weekly meeting, he came in to the surprise of all. This was on Thursday. We had several interviews with him, and he was baptized on Sunday morning, April 17th. About eight o'clock we gathered on the banks of the large bathing tank near our village. I had my tent and that of the preachers pitched on Saturday night. We began by singing a hymn. A large crowd, in which was a fair sprinkling of brahmins, soon gathered. Then Balunki Padhan, in a very brief address, explained the rite; and this was necessary, for the brahmins had diligently circulated the report that we take the candidate into the water, put his head under, and ask him if he can see "Nirakara" (the God without form), and we keep his head under water till he confesses to seeing God, and then we let him get up. After this address I asked the young man if he trusted in Christ and Christ alone for salvation, and on a satisfactory reply I again asked, "What proof do you give that you freely and fully renounce idolatry, and that from this time you will worship only the one true God?" He replied by breaking off his poita, or sacred thread, and putting it into my hand. I wish you could have seen the faces of the people, especially those of the brahmins; blank astonishment

was on every countenance. They were too astonished to speak; and whilst Bala Krishna prayed perfect silence was maintained. After that we went down into the water, and I baptized him. You may imagine it was a day of real joy to us all. You will join us in the prayer that we may have many more such days, and speedily.

THE EXCITEMENT AND INTEREST IN THE TOWN is very great. One man asked Nabaghana before a crowd of people, "Did you come out as a result of conviction, or for what you could get?" and on Naba telling him that he had been reading the Scriptures for years, and it was because he was convinced that idolatry was wrong, and Jesus Christ the only Saviour for sinners, that he took the step he did, the man replied boldly, "Then you did quite right." Many in the crowd sympathized with that. The brahmins are very crestfallen, and also very bitter; but with all their cutting speeches I rejoice to say they cannot breathe anything against the character of the young man. This, though negative, is splendid proof of his worth.

THE LIES CIRCULATED are not few, *e. g.*, they say that after Naba gave up his poita, I stuck a brandy bottle in his mouth, and made him then and there chew a piece of beef.

On the Sunday afternoon we all went to the market, and hundreds kept crowding round us all the afternoon, till we could scarcely breathe for the crush—such was the curiosity to see our young brother. He seldom made any reply to the jeers and sarcastic speeches of the people, but what he did say was in excellent taste and spirit. Once his uncle came up MAD WITH PASSION, and would certainly have struck Naba but for our presence. The ferocity and scorn with which the uncle disowned him was almost diabolical. Early in the week he went home, but was not admitted. I believe had he attempted to go into the house, the father would not have stopped short of murder. I trust the young man will be able to get work shortly, for it does not seem at all likely that he will be allowed a share in the land which has hitherto supported him. He is well-read, intelligent, and knows English fairly well. In future years he may possibly become a valued agent of the Society; but I have said nothing to him of this, as I am very anxious that he should get his living independent of us for some time to come. If this can be arranged his testimony for Christ will have double weight. I am not without hope that we may, ere long, see others follow the brave example set by this young man.

Pray that we may have an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our Mission.

X. GIFTS AND LEGACIES.

MRS. CATHERINE E. YOUNG, late of York, Pa., left $500 to her Church's Home Missions.

MRS. ELIZABETH RIEGLE, of Hagerstown, Md., left $250 to Home Missions.

MR. JOHN J. WHEELER, who recently died at Medina, O., aged 84 years, left $1,500 each to the Lutheran Boards of Home and Foreign Missions and Education.

The late OLIVER HOYT, of Stamford, Ct., left $20,000 each to the M. E. Missionary Society and the M. E. Hospital, Brooklyn; to Wesleyan University $25,000; to Cornell College, Iowa, $10,000; to New York Conference and New York East Conference, $5000 each; and to the American Bible Society, $10,000.

The BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION'S receipts for Foreign Missions, during the year just closed, have been $406,639; net gain in communicants received into the Mission Churches, . ,370.

The PRESBYTERIANS, NORTH, report a Foreign Mission income of $784,159.59, and a net gain of communicants in their Foreign Mission Churches of o! — Nay, more than that—a net loss, in all their Foreign Missions, of 757 communicants!!

MRS. MCLEAN, of Edinburgh, left the Universities' Mission $2,500.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, Toronto, Ont., offers to give $1500 a year to support a Foreign Missionary, over and above all it now gives to the schemes of the Church.

MRS. CHARLES DUMMER, late of Hallowell, left $1000 to the Am. Board and $1000 to the Seamen's Friend Society.

MRS. CATHARINE C. BELDEN, late of Hartford, Ct., left $500 to the Am. Board.

MRS. CYNTHIA C. SELDEN, late of West Hartford, Ct., left $500 to Am. Missionary Association.

MRS. HENRY A. PERKINS, of Hartford, has also given $1000; another friend, $400; and W. S. WILLIAMS, of Glastonbury, $200, toward the building for Indian young men of Santee Agency, Neb.

In trying to prepare to begin Foreign Missions, the Evangelical Association undertook to raise money for this purpose. In 24 years the combined efforts of the churches resulted in gathering $25,650. In 11 years after actually beginning the foreign work they contributed $67,922,93; and during last year alone they gave $10,493.24.

Moral: Use what means and workers we have at once, and more will come.

TRINIDAD.—More than half the expenses of the Trinidad Presbyterian Mission last year was furnished by the Government and friends in Trinidad.

XI. FOR THE CHILDREN.

A LEOPARD HUNT.

Dr. Pruen, a young missionary who has recently gone to Central Africa, writes to his young friend Charlie as follows:—

Mpwapwa, March 19th, 1887.

MY DEAR CHARLIE,—It was very kind of you to write to me, and I was glad to get your letter. There is much out here that you would like to see. . . . I will not repeat what I have said in other letters, but simply give you an account of a leopard hunt. First I must say that Juno died, leaving a puppy, which we named Toby, at least Ashe gave it that name. He stopped with me a fortnight on his way down to the coast from Buganda, and nursed me during my illness.

Leo and Toby and a terrier of Dr. Baxter's named Boko, used to sleep on the barazah (verandah) on to which my bedroom door opened; any animal could get up; but they were all afraid of Leo. One night I went to Kisokwe, and, as it was dark, did not take the other dogs, but had them shut up. In the night Boko broke loose

and went to sleep on the barazah in his usual place. A leopard had been coming several nights to look at them, but dare not touch them, although Toby actually went down and barked at him on the path, whilst Leo from above looked on; but when he found Boko alone he jumped up and killed him, ate half his body, and left the remainder on the top of a tall tree in the garden, where I saw it on my return from Kisokwe next morning. We placed a thick hedge of thorns round the tree, leaving an opening in which we placed a steel-trap, like a rat-trap, but with jaws about eight inches long. Another trap we placed about nine feet up the trunk of the tree. The trunk ran up to about fifteen to eighteen feet before branching. Then five of us men and two of the boys sat up in the huts close to the tree, which was about fifty yards from the house. Soon after midnight, rattle, rattle went a tin basin on the barazah. Evidently the leopard was looking for another dog. A minute later there was a grunt in the cassava plantation, and just after the leopard appeared at the foot of the tree. He had a good look at trap No. 1, and decided that that was not meant for a leopard to walk over. Then he cleared trap No. 2 with one bound, and went up the tree in splendid style. Upon this we all rushed out and surrounded the tree, and two of the men, catching sight of him on a branch simultaneously, each gave him a rifle bullet behind the shoulder-blade, and he dropped with a sounding crash into the thorn bushes, shot through the heart. We skinned him soon after, and his prettily coloured skin makes a nice mat.

XII. AFRICA.

U-Ganda—Bishop Taylor.

All who have read the bloody story of Bishop Hannington's murder, and of the burning and slaughter of the dear native converts, by the cruel King Mwanga, and noted his refusal to let Missionary Mackay leave his kingdom, will be anxious to keep posted in all passing events as they transpire there. Mr. Mackay, still intent on his missionary work, holds on with a spirit of lofty courage and trust in God which makes it look more as though he remained there in the power of the petty tyrant from his own choice than by constraint of Mwanga. The latest intelligence from him that has reached the public, through the C. M. S. Secretaries, is dated U-Ganda, Jan. 2, 1887. Mr. Mackay writes:

"As usual in Buganda nothing lasts long, either good or evil. Just now there is a sort of respite. Teaching goes on. The numbers who come at a time are certainly limited, compared with what they used to be; yet we have much reason to be thankful for the permission we have, unauthorized as it is. How long matters may remain so, who can say? There may be a fresh outburst any day; another is sure to come sooner or later, unless steps be taken to prevent it. Those in prison for the faith are not yet liberated, nor dare those in hiding venture to come out. This in itself shows that the old enmity still remains.

Christmas has once more come and gone. I had a little gathering of 100 or more, viz, the most of our pupils who happen meantime to be at the capital. Others had little celebrations in their country homes.

For the moment I am in perhaps a little favor at headquarters, as I am making a structure to secure the King's gigantic flag-staff, which has been showing signs of giving way. Further, the Arab who took the goods to Emin Bey is on the road back with a good present for both King and Katakiro. Ivory keys can open doors of stone, but of course only for a time.

The publication of St. Matthew is being steadily proceeded with, and I hope by the time you get this the whole Gospel will be in the hands of our people. The eagerness to purchase the sheets already done, sufficiently indicates the likelihood of the whole edition being rapidly bought off.

Printing we have always carried on. The very worst times of persecution have always enabled us to do most in the way of printing; and we have very great reason to be thankful that when our means of usefulness has frequently been temporarily checked, that other has gone on without interruption."

Here surely speaks a brave God-trusting Missionary, and an indefatigable worker.

2. BISHOP TAYLOR.

In the following communication the Bishop among other things gives us a look at one of the cruel rites of the Africans. He writes:

We held our first district Conference for the Upper Congo on Wednesday, September 23. Next day I took leave of my people and took my line of march for the coast. By my walking measurement—three miles per hour—I made the distance from Leopoldville to Lukunga 112 miles, which with ease I travelled in six days, resting on Sabbath as usual.

Just before my arrival in Lukunga I passed through a large market crowded with people. In the midst of it I saw a round hole freshly dug, about seven feet deep and three feet wide at the bottom. I saw, sitting near, a man with the fore part of his neck in a fork of a small tree, and securely tied across the back part of his neck; the stem of the fork extending in front was about seven feet long. I saw not far off, a man in a loose robe of many colors. On inquiry, I learned that the man in "a coat of many colors," was the "Mfumu"—the king—and that, a man having died, the "Nganga," or witch doctor, said that a certain capita was the "Ndoki," who had bewitched the deceased and caused his death, hence the capita was summoned to come to the test and drink the "saswood" tea. The capita denied the charge, and refused to submit to the test. Soon after a man came to his hut in the night and shot the capita, who died in a few days from the effect of the shot. His friends appealed to the Government acting chief—a new arrival—praying for the arrest and execution of the murderer; the chief replied, so

the story was told me, "that if they would arrest the man and bring him for trial, he would try him, but could not undertake to arrest him." Then the king took up the case, and the man I have described in the fork had been found guilty, and brought to the market for public execution, as a warning to evil doers. The man was let down into the grave—the round hole—and standing on his feet was buried alive, then a sharp stake was driven down through the length of his body—dead and buried.

On arrival at Lukunga I found our Brother Newth busily preparing to start for Matadi to revive our transport business. The Congo di Lemba people had robbed some caravans and terrified the carriers, so that they were afraid to travel. Two caravans sent down by brother Newth took fright on nearing Congo di Lemba, and returned to their homes. For weeks not a caravan could be seen on the path. Newth had 400 men engaged, and had paid the "Nhuta" rations, but could not get one of them to move. Finally a detachment of Government native troops rushed into the town of Congo di Lemba in the night, killed a few people, and burned up the entire town. As I passed through its ashes, right where we slept on our upward trip, amid the beating of drums, and shouting and bustle of the people, there was now no signs of life, not even a lizard nor chirp of a cricket. So caravan travel was re-opened, but as many of Newth's captives were unbelieving, Newth went himself to take away all their excuses for delay. The capita who was killed was one of his men. His son, a nice young fellow, took his father's place, and gathered up his father's men and brought us down to Matadi. We made the distance, by our walking time, from Lukunga to Matadi, 118 miles, which we did easily in six days. Total distance from Leopoldville to Matadi, 230 miles, which I walked in 12 days. Three rivers we crossed by canoe ferries; three by wire and rope bridges; one by a wood bridge; the rest, uncounted mountain streams, we waded. Most gentlemen travellers are carried over these streams by their men, and our men wanted to carry us, but loving manly adventure, and despising "softness and needless self-indulgence," we preferred to wade the little rivers, and could swim the big ones if necessary. We arrived at Matadi, Friday, P. M., Oct. 8. All the huts of our old encampment had been destroyed, so we pitched under the shadow of a great rock a little nearer the Government Station.

On Sabbath afternoon we held a service at the head of Charlie's grave. The tomb is built up of rough-dressed stone. It is 11½ feet long, 5½ feet wide, nearly 3 feet high, ridged on the top with very white broken quartz. Brother Shoreland built it, and Brother Elkins set a headstone, bearing the inscription: "C. P., 1886."

The letters are nearly three inches long, deeply engraved into the stone, and painted black. No other tomb equal to that one is in the Congo State.

Newth and I sat by this tomb while I read and expounded the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians. The solemnity of the occasion seemed to preclude our singing, but I read seven or eight of our resurrection hymns, and we prayed.

After eight years of preparatory work some of the missionaries of the Livingstone Inland Mission—now the American Baptist Union—are gathering in a harvest. At "Banza Manteka," 50 miles on our path from Matadi, Rev. Mr. Richards there reports 1,000 converts in three months. Our young capita and one of his carriers had been to two meetings at Lukunga, presided over by Brother Newth, and gave their names as seekers, and that Sunday night, by their camp-fire at Matadi, they sang a hymn in their own language, which they had learned at the Lukunga meetings, and then, in the presence of the heathen, they knelt down, and the young capita led in prayer, with evident earnestness and fluency. It was prophetic, and I said: "Brother Newth, you can have special services by your camp-fires all along the line."—BISHOP W TAYLOR.

We regret our limited space crowds over to our next issue other important matters showing Bishop Taylor's movements and the rapid development and success of his enterprise, both in Africa and in South America.

XIII. FOREIGN MISSION VOLUNTEERS.

Having requested Messrs. Forman and Wilder, the two young brethren who have been visiting our American colleges, universities and theological seminaries in the interests of Foreign Missions, to give our readers some account of the work accomplished, we find them extremely reluctant to speak of details so personal to themselves; but they have kindly furnished us data for the following statement:—They began the work early in October, and, with some short interruptions, prosecuted it through the eight academic months until June. They visited 44 institutions in company. With a view to reach a larger number than would thus be possible, they separated. Since then Mr. Forman has visited 52, and Mr. Wilder 66 institutions, making 162 in all. Some of these were Theological Seminaries, and some few were Normal Schools and Academies, but the great majority were colleges. The number of young students in these institutions who volunteered for the work among the heathen and signed the brief statement, "*We are willing and desirous, God permitting, to be foreign missionaries,*" is 2106.

These students are of different evangelical denominations—Baptists, Methodists, Prot. Episcopal, Congregational, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Evangelical, United Brethren, Cumberland Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Free Baptist, Dutch Reformed, &c.

Besides the above 2106 who volunteered at the time of the visitation, some scores decided subsequently, after more deliberate reflection. Sixty-nine such have since been reported. Some 61 also in the audiences who were not students at the time, resolved to give themselves to this same work and signed the paper; while 31 others have been led to sign by the influence of those who had previously volunteered.

SUMMARY.

Institutions visited	162
Students who signed the paper (1591 men and 515 women)	2106
Non-Students who signed	61
Students who signed since visits	69
Miscellaneous	31
Total	2267

These dear young brethren whom God has used in this work, speak with much humility of their own part in it, quoting I Chron. xxix, 14, attributing all gracious results to the help and grace of God in spite of their own weakness and mistakes, declaring that these results were induced wholly by the felt presence of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the students, not by any fitness or ability on their part in addressing them. Their constant and earnest prayer is that these volunteers may remain loyal, steadfast and immovable, thus demonstrating that they have indeed been called of God to this work among the heathen; and that the Holy Ghost may breathe such a quickening into the hearts and lives of all believers that these 2267 volunteers may be but the small nucleus around which shall rapidly be gathered other thousands of volunteers who shall go to this work with an energy of purpose and a spirit of whole-hearted consecration and self-sacrifice such as God will bless and render effective in evangelizing the whole world *in this present generation.*

Resting on God's Word in Numbers xiii, 30; I Kings xviii, 44; Malachi iii, 10, &c., these brethren work for a precious and wide-spread awakening in Christendom as a result of all increase of zeal and true-hearted efforts for the salvation of the heathen. In some of their meetings, their pleas in behalf of the heathen seem to have been used of God in leading unconverted souls to Christ. In Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, two young persons rose in the meeting and confessed Christ. At the close of another meeting one told in tears that she had there decided to come to Jesus and accept Him as her Saviour. At the conference in Chicago a medical student accepted Christ, and decided to be a foreign missionary. In one meeting, after the pleas for the heathen, four rose for prayers, one of them a teacher in —— University, the only member of the Faculty not a Christian. The influence of an infidel brother had availed to confirm this teacher in skepticism and unbelief. But the presence of a young man consecrated to the work of foreign missions proved to be God's agency for convincing and converting this unbeliever in Christendom. On one occasion, after a missionary address in a Sabbath School, nine rose for prayer. In Holland, Mich., three asked for prayers. In Northfield, Minn., two. In Washington, Pa., six, &c., demonstrating that the enlisting and deepening of interest in behalf of the heathen, does not at all conflict with work for the salvation of unbelievers in Christendom.

Should not the whole church of God, in all its branches, unite in the earnest prayer of these dear young brethren that the Holy Ghost may come with power and so work in the hearts and lives of all believers that this uprising, so well begun, may go on with augmenting force, till the whole world shall know of Christ and His great salvation?

"WHOM SHALL I SEND?"

(Isa. 6: 8.)

Oh Spirit's anointing,
For service appointing,
On us descend;
For millions are dying,
And Jesus is crying,
"Whom shall I send?"

Ethiopia reaching
Scarred hands is beseeching,
"Rend, Christians, rend
The chains long enthralling!"
And Jesus is calling,—
"Whom shall I send?"

Lo! China unsealing
Her gates, and revealing
Fields without end!
Her night is receding,
And Jesus is pleading,
"Whom shall I send?"

Dark India is breaking
Her caste-chains, and making
Strong cries ascend
To Jesus once bleeding,
But now interceding,—
"Whom shall I send?"

See Japan awaking,
Old errors forsaking;
Haste, your aid lend!
"More light!" hear her crying,
And Jesus replying,
"Whom shall I send?"

While Israel's unveiling,
And penitent wailing,
All things portend,
Why, why our delaying,
Since Jesus is saying,
"Whom shall I send?"

The islands, once hating
His yoke, are now waiting
Humbly to bend.
"To bear help and healing,"
Hear Jesus appealing,—
"Whom shall I send?"

Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D.

XIV. NEWS AND NOTES OF THE MONTH.

RECENT CONVERTS.—*The Baptist Missionary Magazine* reports 312 baptisms for the month.

BRO. LANE, of Brazil, writes: "Three days' preaching at Agua Branca Church, twelve persons made profession of faith and 11 children were baptized."

The Missionary Herald of June mentions over 300 adults recently received into the churches in foreign mission fields, mostly in Micronesia, besides the baptism of some 30 children.

BISHOP SMITHIES, OF THE UNIVERSITIES MISSION, East Central Africa, writes of admitting 72 people as catechumens, many of them village headmen, and of baptizing 7 at one station and several at another station.

THE REV. MCMAHON, of North India, reports in April that he had baptized 46 converts since Jan. 1st, 1887.

THE DISCIPLE CHURCH'S FOREIGN MISSIONS report 27 as the past month's baptisms.

China's Millions for June, reports some 40 baptisms.

Let those who neglect the *Monthly Concert*, and fail to pray often and earnestly for our missions and missionaries among the heathen, ponder well and thoughtfully the following extract from a letter of April 5th, from Bro. Coldren in India:

On the 6th and 7th of March, I received a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and almost felt as though I had just been converted. Such courage I have never felt in my work; and all the native Christians felt more or less the same spirit of consecration. The following Sabbath, I baptized six; and there are a number among the Hindoos and Telegus who are seeking Christ. Wherever we go, the Spirit of the Lord seems to be going before, to open up the way. It has been surprising to me, and the native workers have remarked, a number of times this month, how wonderfully the people accept the Gospel. I could not understand the wonderful change which seemed to take hold of my mind.

The *Star*, of Feb. 24, came to hand Sunday morning, April 3, and I read your appeal in behalf of Chandbali, and learned that on the 6th of March probably most of the denomination had lifted a prayer for us, and especially that I might have "courage." Then it flashed on me, like a light from heaven, that my wonderful blessing on the 6th and 7th of March was a direct answer to your prayers; and I went into the service, and told the brethren what I had received and was receiving. Instead of preaching, we had a consecration meeting, in which the Spirit was wonderfully manifest, and we all were brought nearer to God. It was a blessed day, and I am full of the Spirit, and have not the least doubt that the prayers offered there for this special field were answered. While I want the brethren to do likewise for the other stations and all the workers, *still, I want them to hold on to me and my work with their prayers;* and remember, whenever they "let up" in the least, we shall feel it over here, just as clearly as we can recognize the difference between spring and neap-tides. If the friends could only realize how much the pulse of the denomination at home determines the healthy condition

here, I am sure they would keep up a more vigorous life at home. Keep the people praying for Chandbali and the other stations, and we will have a grand coming over to the Lord. To-day, the man whom I supposed the hardest in Chandbali, sent to buy a New Testament. May the Lord bless it, as he did the "Peep of Day" to Sachi. God's Word will make its way, and his kingdom will prevail.

The Free Press of London, Ont., May 17th, says:

"Rev. Messrs. Goforth and McGillivray, graduates of Knox College, delivered sermons in St. Andrew's church on Sunday. In the afternoon there was a Sunday school missionary meeting, at which a collection in aid of the Foreign Mission fund, amounting to over $23, was taken up. The contributions at the morning and evening services were also large. Mr. Goforth is about to enter upon missionary work in China, and Mr. McGillivray in India. In their sermons they set forth the claims of the vast heathen populations of those countries upon the Christian sympathy and liberality of the Church of Canada. Many more missionaries are required. As a result of the appeal made, Rev. J. A. Murray, the pastor, announced the receipt of a letter in which twelve members of the congregation pledged themselves to contribute $12 per month annually towards the support of a missionary, while fifty others proposed giving $2 per month, so that before long it is hoped St. Andrew's church will be doing nobly by supporting one and probably two workers in the foreign mission field."

The following is a specimen of the *Monthly* "*Tidings*" of their Foreign Missions which our Southern Baptist's Board of Missions send out to their churches and papers.

TIDINGS FROM OUR FOREIGN FIELDS.

CHINA.—Bro. Simmons, Canton, tells of a pleasant trip to Ku Tsing, where he found many willing hearers, with some opposers. Two were baptized. To a business letter he adds: "We have recently had five baptisms at Shin Hing. Our work is opening up with better promises and hopes this year than for many years past." April 2d, he reports one baptism at Tsung Fu, and one at Canton, and says: "Dr. Graves is better than he was two or three months ago, though he is far from being strong. He is in a bad condition to try another summer here." One of the best preachers in the mission has been called to Portland, Oregon. He was formerly pastor there, and now returns.—Bro. Herring, Shanghai, writes that the return of Dr. Yates' old trouble, of which mention was made in a late *Journal*, has been checked, and that he is improving in health, though far from well. A brief reunion of the missionaries of Shanghai and Chinkiang filled all hearts with joy. Would that these reunions could take place oftener. Our missionaries have no such blessed opportunities for social and Christian enjoyment as many of us have recently had in Louisville. And how sadly they miss such privileges.—Miss Lottie Moon, Tungchow, says that changes are rapidly taking place in the Chinese people, in their feelings towards missionaries. Access to the confidence and even the affections of the people can now be had, where formerly all was distrust, suspicion and hatred. These changes indicate that the time of China's redemption is beginning to dawn, and give force to the strong appeals that come from our missionaries for more men and women to prosecute the work.—Bro. Pruitt appeals for help for the soul-starving people about him. How long will such appeals go unheeded?—Bro. Joiner, of Hwang Hien, gives an interesting and amusing account of three "enquirers," who, pretending to be seekers after truth, turned out to be seekers after American medical knowledge.—Brother Davau.t is still in Chefoo, working, and at the same time recuperating.

BRAZIL.—Rev. W. B. Bagby and family are now in Richmond, on their way back to Brazil. They expect to sail on the 25th inst., from Newport News, Va.—Miss Maggie Rice, of St. Joseph, Mo., has been accepted by the Board as missionary to Brazil, and will probably sail with Bro. Bagby. She has been assigned to the mission at Rio de Janeiro. The ladies of Walnut Street church, Louisville, will provide part of her support, the balance being provided by the ladies of Missouri. She has the strongest endorsement of the Missouri brethren and gives promise of being a most efficient worker. Pray for her.—From Bro. Daniel, Bahia, comes the sad news of the death of Sr. Teixeira, our native pastor at Maceio—a great loss to our Brazilian mission. Bro. Bagby will give a brief sketch of this earnest, faithful and successful evangelist in the June number of the *Foreign Mission Journal*.—Mrs. Daniel writes that serious threats have been made against the life of Bro. Daniel and his whole family, unless he stops publishing the paper "*Echo of Truth*" and baptizing in the sea. Congregations are large, and the people give earnest heed to the things that are spoken. Seven baptisms have taken place.—Mrs. Taylor, of this mission, now at home on account of Bro. Taylor's health, says: "How thankful I shall be when, with renewed health and energies, we shall again be at work in Bahia. I feel more homesick for Brazil than I ever did for America."

ITALY.—Dr. Geo. B. Taylor bade the brethren of the Convention "good bye," as he hopes soon to return to his loved work in Italy, and, when he goes, he never expects to see his native land again. Bro. Eager has been visiting some of the mission stations in Italy. At Barletta, he says many believe that the Baptists are teaching the truth, but the fear of men restrains them from any expression of that belief. In private, they commend the work of our evangelist—in public, they will not recognize him at all. There are many large towns of from ten to forty thousand inhabitants, where the gospel has not been preached. No wonder the cry is for men and means. May God's people hear the cry and answer it!

MEXICO.—Rev. D. A. Wilson is much pleased with his new field at Guadalajara. He thinks it full of promise. He and his family have received many kindnesses from missionaries of other denominations. The people are curious to know who and what Baptists are. Bro. Wilson proposes to answer these questions, yet in such a way as to preserve the pleasant relations now existing between him and the other missionaries. Bro. Powell wants a first-class man to take charge of the general interests of the Saltillo mission, so that he may prosecute the great work which opens up among the ranches to the north and east of that city.

XV. FIELD NOTES.

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW has now become so well known, and each number is so costly that friends will please ask no more *sample* copies. Its circulars will be sent to any desiring them. It should be known also that all the numbers of each volume of the REVIEW are so closely connected, and so necessary to a correct view of the entire foreign mission work, that volumes cannot be broken without serious loss both to subscriber and publisher.

ARREARS.—We are thankful so many of our subscribers regard our wish, expressed in last number of this REVIEW, page 377, for prompt remittance of all arrears. But a few seem not to have

observed our request. Those who remit at once do us a real kindness.

REV. DAVID HERRON.—Our readers will recall the fact that in his efforts to destroy the Saharanpore Presbytery for deposing Mr. Woodside from the ministry, Secretary Lowrie sent an order to the American missionaries, who were members of that Presbytery, requiring them to leave it and join the Lodiana Presbytery, or be dismissed from the Presbyterian Foreign Board. Rev. David Herron, an old missionary of more than 30 years' faithful and efficient mission service, feeling doubtless that the order was cruel and unjust, declined to leave his old Presbytery, and the Secretary dismissed him and deprived him of his salary and support. Our constant readers will have noticed that we felt deeply the injustice of the Secretary's act, and in the first No. of this current year, p. 52, they will have seen that we sent a small sum ($100) hoping it might be of some little service to Bro. Herron, remaining and prosecuting his work in India, as he was doing. We now learn that instead of appropriating any part of this donation to his own use he made it all over to help the work and congregation of the Reformed church at Dehra, struggling to support its own pastor and maintain its independence. Of the magnanimity and unselfishness of this act we need make no comment.

Y. M. C. ASSOCIATIONS AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.—We rejoice to see these Associations becoming more and more deeply interested in evangelizing the heathen—this one great work of the church so long and criminally neglected by professed believers in Christ. The Annual Report of the Y. M. C. A. of Aldersgate Street, London, Eng., speaks of several sent to different mission fields by the Association itself, and of others, trained by the Association, now laboring in connection with different missionary societies. A brief extract from the Report of the Annual Meeting, Mr. Geo. Williams in the Chair, is as follows:

"The annual report, read by the hon. sec., Mr. A. L. Hall, referred to the work of those members of the Society who had already gone out into the mission field, one to South Africa, who had started a Y. M. C. A. at Algoa Bay, and several to China in connection with different societies. The members in training have been increased by six volunteers during the year. The home work of the Society, which is far from being the least important, was very satisfactorily reported on, addresses having been given at many of the metropolitan branches of the Y. M. C. A. and several prayer-meetings being well attended. A missionary shelf had also been added to the library at Aldersgate street. The Peckham Y. M. C. A. had started a missionary association, and now had four members in training as missionaries.

The Chairman said all the Young Men's Christian Associations trained young men in such a way that they were likely to become missionaries to the heathen. He hoped the great missionary societies would find plenty of men of the right sort, who would go anywhere and do anything. He advocated the establishment of collecting societies in

all our great houses of business. Rev. W. H. Barlow gave from his own experience, a few tests for candidates for missionary work. Mr. Hudson Taylor said the man whose piety is not evident at home is not the man for India or Africa or China. Let them get a note book, make a note of one or two unconverted men they knew, and begin to pray for their conversion, and it might be that the Lord would surprise them. He concluded a deeply interesting and instructive speech by wishing that a persecution would arise to scatter English Christians after the Apostolic method. Rev. J. Chalmers, New Guinea, urged intending missionaries to learn the language thoroughly. Mr. Hudson, Mr. Minifie, and Mr. Stevens, three members of the Society who were in training to go out, spoke well and simply."

November Simultaneous Meetings —This is a movement modelled after the F. S. M., (February Simultaneous Meetings) of the Church Missionary Society of England. It is inaugurated by the Synod of New Jersey of the Presbyterian Church; and looks to a series of meetings (in behalf of Foreign Missions) throughout the entire state during the week Nov. 13–19 of the present year. Inaugurated by the Presbyterain church it is not designed as a denominational movement. Nor is it to be a movement primarily in the interest of a "Board" or the raising of money. Its central purpose is to place in unique prominence before the people of this State the last command of our risen Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation."

The Foreign Missionary movement which, not so long ago, was laughed at as "the dream of a dreamer who dreams that he had been dreaming," has become the most conspicuous, beneficent, and wide-reaching influence of the century. Napoleon, it is said, changed the whole face of Europe. Foreign Missions are changing the face of the world, and that permanently and for good. They who contribute in any way to its support form constituent parts of the gulf stream whose warm, life-giving currents are flowing onward with increasing volnme to the healing and beautifying of the world. Those who in any way oppose, are, as Paul declares, "Contrary to" the civilization, commercial prosperity and redemption of "all men."

It is the design of the N. S. M. to bring these facts to the attention of all, even the most indifferent and antagonistic. In other words, by a simultaneous movement widely advertised—all at it, all at once, for all they are worth—looking to God above for help—to blow a trumpet blast for missions here in New Jersey which will ring in the ears of every inhabitant thereof and they will go abroad over the United States and the world, till the whole earth shall know there is such a thing as Missions and be impelled to desire to have part in its advance.

With this end in view, the N. S. M. propose, under the guidance of a competent State Committee, to hold a series of meetings during the week beginning with Sunday 13th, and ending with Saturday the 19th of Nov. 1887. The general plan of these meetings will be announced at a later date.

We are sure that the people of the State without regard to denominational affinities, will look forward to the issue of the N. S. M. with hopeful interest.

We greatly rejoice in this movement, and trust that, with God's blessing, these simultaneous meetings will kindle such an interest in foreign missions throughout the State of New Jersey, that the movement will extend till it shall embrace every state and territory in the Union.

ERROR CORRECTED.—In our statistics of the U. P. home church, we unfortunately mistook dates over the columns of figures, and used those of the wrong column. The correct figures are :

	1886.
Synods,	9
Presbyteries,	60
Ministers,	736
Licentiates,	50
Churches,	881
Communicants,	91,086
S. S. Scholars and Teachers,	90,625
Foreign Force.	
Missionaries, Ordained,	16
" Women,	35
" Physicians,	2
Natives, Ordained and Licentiates,	29
" Others,	375

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

And is it worth the living,
This life so full of cares;
So full of sore afflictions,
So full of tempter's snares,
So full of disappointments,
Of shattered hopes and ties;
So full of toils and struggles,
Of bitter sobs and sighs;
So full of woe and sorrow,
Of deepest agonies;
So full of storms and tempests
And hurtful enemies?

Ah, yes, 'tis worth the living,
This precious life of ours;
Among its thorns and thistles,
There bloom the sweetest flowers.
For every sore temptation
There is sufficient grace;
From every foe and tempter,
There is a hiding place.
For every pang of sorrow,
There is a healing balm.
And with each storm of trouble
There comes a peaceful calm.

—*I. E. Litzsonger.*

TREASURERS OF MISSION BOARDS.—In the July number of the *Church at Home and Abroad* reference is made to our statement in our May *Review* that the "Presbyterian Foreign Board pays Mr. Rankin, its Treasurer, a salary of $3000, with somewhere from

$2000 to $4000 for clerk hire for the one special business of transmitting funds to its foreign missions."

We are glad to see this statement is accepted as correct as to salary and clerk hire. But the comments seem to imply that we limited the treasurer's work too strictly to the mere transmission of funds. We had in mind no such limitation. In the "special business of transmitting funds" we meant to include all that properly belongs to the treasurership. Of course he must keep his accounts of receipts and disbursements with accuracy, as a necessary part of his work. Of course he must observe the rates of foreign exchange, or he is liable to waste mission funds. Of course he must give wise directions to the Mission Treasurers abroad, or some of them, lacking sound judgment or forethought, may sell his bills as soon as they get them, and deposit their avails in local foreign banks at small per cent. interest, and pride themselves on their shrewdness in thus gaining a little interest for their own station use, while actually imposing heavy loss on the Board by thus hastening the bills back to Mr. Rankin for him to cash, with money borrowed at rates two or three times greater than the foreign rates obtained; whereas, if those mission treasurers had kept the bills in hand till obliged to sell them to use their avails at once in the work of the missions, the bills might not have got back to Mr. Rankin, or his agent, till he received funds from the churches sufficient to cash them without borrowing at all. And just at this point Mr. Rankin has been at fault. We have known some of his mission treasurers in India to do this very thing, for lack of instructions to the contrary, and in conversing with Mr. Rankin have found that this leakage or source of loss, had never occurred to him till we mentioned it. As to petty accounts with different missionaries, and the small details of the treasurer's work, is nothing to be assigned to a $2000 clerk to do?

As to the remark that "Mr. Rankin draws $1000 less salary than he is entitled to draw," we might have told our readers that the board long since voted him a salary of $4000, and he has had the grace to be satisfied with $3000; and we hardly need add—if the Board had voted him $10,000 salary, we believe he would have remitted a still larger amount of it.

Offer of Service.—We have in our hands a recent offer of service, as Head Accountant in a Mission Board, for the humble salary of $700 a year. The brother offering is an intelligent layman, in the prime of his energies, of 20 years' experience in keeping, systematizing, and simplifying accounts, reports, abstracts, etc., and holding the very highest testimonials from the companies and organizations he has thus served. If any of our Mission Boards are willing to practice economy in this department of their work, we shall be happy to introduce this brother to them.

THE DEFAULTING MISSION TREASURER:

It will be remembered that Mr. Deane, Treasurer of the Baptist Home Mission Board, was discovered a year ago to be a defaulter to a large amount, though the fact had long been concealed in hopes of a settlement. When it was at last made known a remarkable amount of sympathy was expressed for Mr. Deane, and instead of indicting him for the fraud, the officers of the Board waited to see what terms he might be able to make. The managers have now accepted his terms, according to which he is to pay $5,000 within three months, the balance to be paid in notes falling due monthly for $1,000, at the *rate of fifty cents on a dollar*. This is very nearly the same as he offered last May, when the managers, under a pressure of public opinion, rejected his proposition. Of course they accept no condition that matters should be smoothed over, but that is what is meant. The Board has thousands of dollars stolen, and nobody is punished. We suspect that there may be some plain talking about the matter when the Baptist anniversaries are held next month, as there was last year.—*Ex.*

Does not such a case as this reveal one very great reason why earnest Christians who are deeply interested in the work of missions, give no more generously for their support? When they see their gifts so unwisely kept for a time in the treasury, and then so largely wasted by an unworthy defaulting Treasurer, is it strange that they give hesitatingly and in small amounts?

And then again, does not the course here adopted by the officers of the Mission Board or society, tend to demoralize, and weaken the proper sense of reponsibility and justice in individuals and communities? Does it not inflict great injustice on the donors who entrusted their gifts to these officers for the work of God? We believe that both justice and love to Christ and souls require that such defaulting officers and delinquent Boards of Trust be held to a strict account in our Courts of Law.

ANOTHER SELF-SUPPORTING MISSIONARY.—We are glad to see that Mrs. Kendall, a student of Vassar and now a young widow, is going to mission work in Japan, *at her own charges*, moved to this somewhat at least by the example of Dr. Henry M. Scudder. We see it stated also that four others have decided under a like impulse, to give themselves to this work in Japan in the same way, at their own charges. Blessed is the influence of a good example.

BRO. GRACEY is out with his *International Missions-Gazette*, No. 2, giving fuller facts and details of this *Union* and its doings last year, offering a warm welcome, and the generous hospitality of the Park Association and Residents for the free entertainment of all foreign missionaries who may be present.

THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY UNION.—The International Missionary Union will hold its fourth annual meeting at Thousand Island Park, Aug. 10–17. The meeting last year was declared by all who had had experience in the case as the most powerful series of meetings ever held on the Park, and there is reason to believe that the meetings of this year will be equally interesting, profitable and powerful. The program is being prepared and will embrace the discussion of a wide range of topics of great interest.—*N. Christian Advocate.*

XVI. SAILING OF MISSIONARIES.

Rev. E. I. Walkom, Wesleyan, sailed for Belize March 23, 1887.

Rev. G. E. Fox, Wesleyan, sailed for Algoa Bay, March 30, 1887.

Rev. W. Sackett, Wesleyan, for Madras, and Miss Merzikin for Jaffna, sailed March 31, 1887.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Knight, Miss Ellis, Misses M. E. Scott, A. A. Miles, H Judd, E. Culverwell, P. M. Forth, and Miss Stewardson, sailed for China April 7, 1887.

Rev. W. B. Bagby returning, and Miss Maggie Rice, sailed for Brazil May 25, 1887.

Rev. and Mrs. R. W. Bryant, Wesleyan, sailed for Algoa Bay May 5, 1887.

Miss Matthews, Wesleyan, sailed for Cape Town May 5, 1887.

Rev. Owen Watkins, Wesleyan, sailed for the Transvaal May 13, 1887.

Mr. Whitney, Universities' Mission, sailed for Africa May 12, 1887.

Mr. Goodyear, Universities' Mission, sailed for Africa June 9, 1887.

Rev. Ellis Viner, Miss Berkeley and three other lady workers sailed for Africa July 7, 1887.

Rev. Dr. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Smith returning, Mr. and Mrs. P. McCallum returning, all 5 for the Livingstonia Mission, also Rev. Mr. Wright, for the L. M. S. Tanganyika Mission, sailed May 11, 1887.

Rev. and Mrs. D. P. Jones returning, and Rev. R. Stewart Wright, appointed, sailed for Lake Tanganyika via Quillimane, May 11, 1887.

Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Clarke returning, sailed for Samoan Islands May 11, 1887.

Rev. A. D. Shaw left London for Zanzibar April 21, 1887.

Revs. J. C. Price and A. G. Smith and Mr. D. Dukes sailed for Zanzibar May 11, 1887.

Revs. W. Morris and W. Roper sailed for Zanzibar and Central Africa May 13, 1887.

XVII. DEATH NOTICES OF MISSIONARIES.

Rev. James Long, a most faithful missionary of the C. M. S., 32 years in India, died in England March 23, 1887.

Rev. Hollis Read died in Somerville, N. J., April 7, 1887, in his 85th year. Born in New Fane, Vt., accustomed to hard labor on his father's farm, and yet thirsting for a higher education, in preparing for college he got help from neighboring pastors, and by teaching school winters, he worked his way, graduating at Williams College in 1826, and taking his Theological course, one term in Andover, the remainder at Princeton. He was licensed and ordained in 1829, and in 1830 married Miss Caroline Hubbell of Bennington, Vt., and sailed for Bombay, India. He was one of the founders of the Am. Board's Mission at Ahmudnuggur, but after some five years Mrs. Read's failing health constrained them to return to America. As missionary, pastor, and author, his long life has been crowded with labors. Of his literary works may be mentioned his "Journal in

India," "Babajee, the Christian Brahmin," "The Hand of God in History" in two volumes, which soon gained a circulation of 60,000 copies, "The Palace of the Great King," "Commerce and Christianity," a prize essay, "The Coming Crisis," "The Negro Problem Solved," and "The Footprints of Satan." It has been well said of him, "So has passed away another of the veterans of the christian church, who as a foreign missionary, a pastor, a teacher, an author, and a promoter of the educational interests of the colored race, has left a record of industry and faithfulness unsurpassed."

REV. THOMAS POWELL, F. L. S., 40 years in the Samoan Island, died April 6, 1887.

It is with great grief that we read in *The Christian:*

"HON. ION KEITH FALCONER.—As we go to press we receive, with deep regret, the announcement of the death at Aden, whither he had gone as a Free Church missionary, of the Hon. Ion Grant Keith Falconer, brother of the Earl of Kintore. The deceased, who was thirty-one years of age, was well-known in connection with evangelical work in the East-end."

REV. ANDREW BROMWICH died at Accra, West Africa, May 11, 1887.

MISS JESSIE A. PURPLE died at sea (Mediterranean) March 22, 1887.

MR. SWINNEY, Universities' Mission, died at Bandawe, Feb. 23, 1887.

REV. ALEXANDER WESTWATER died at Mukden, Manchuria. Feb. 18, 1887.

XVIII. BOOK AND LITERARY NOTICES.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW for July begins a new volume. The leading article is from the pen of Dr. J. B. Thomas, Brooklyn, on the Pulpit and Modern Skepticism, and well sustains his reputation as one of the most thoughtful and accomplished writers of the day. "The Pulpit and Public Morals" are discussed with wisdom and ability by Dr. William J. R. Taylor, Newark, N. J. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a clear cut and very able paper, seeks to vindicate his friend, the late Henry Ward Beecher, from some criticism in the April number of this REVIEW, and to interpret his doctrinal views, as he thinks, more correctly. Dr. Schaff gives a very readable article on "Luther on the Wartburg." Dr. Heard, of England, concludes his masterly analysis of "Christian Ethics." Dr. C. S. Robinson treats of "The Creation of the World." Dr. Howard Crosby resumes his series of short papers on "Light on important Texts." While Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, furnishes his usual highly valuable "Gems" and "Missionary Field." Of Sermons, there are eight in all, by such famous preachers as Drs. Wm. M. Taylor, Pres. Hyde, Miller of Philadelphia, Dobbs, Sever, and Wayland Hoyt. All the other departments present their usual complement of fresh, practical thoughts on almost every topic of interest to the preacher and Christian worker. The number is up to the high water mark which has characterized the successive issues of this year.

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Our Little Ones and the Nursery for June, 36 Broomfield St., Boston, $1.50 a year, comes as fresh and beautiful as summer flowers. Some of its treasures may be intimated by such subjects as "My Dandelion Girl; Captain Baby Belle; Shells of Africa; Driving the Cows; What Was in Jennie's Rubber? The Little Oriole Thief;" &c., &c.

Most of our Book and Literary Notices, much to our regret, are crowded over to next number.

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